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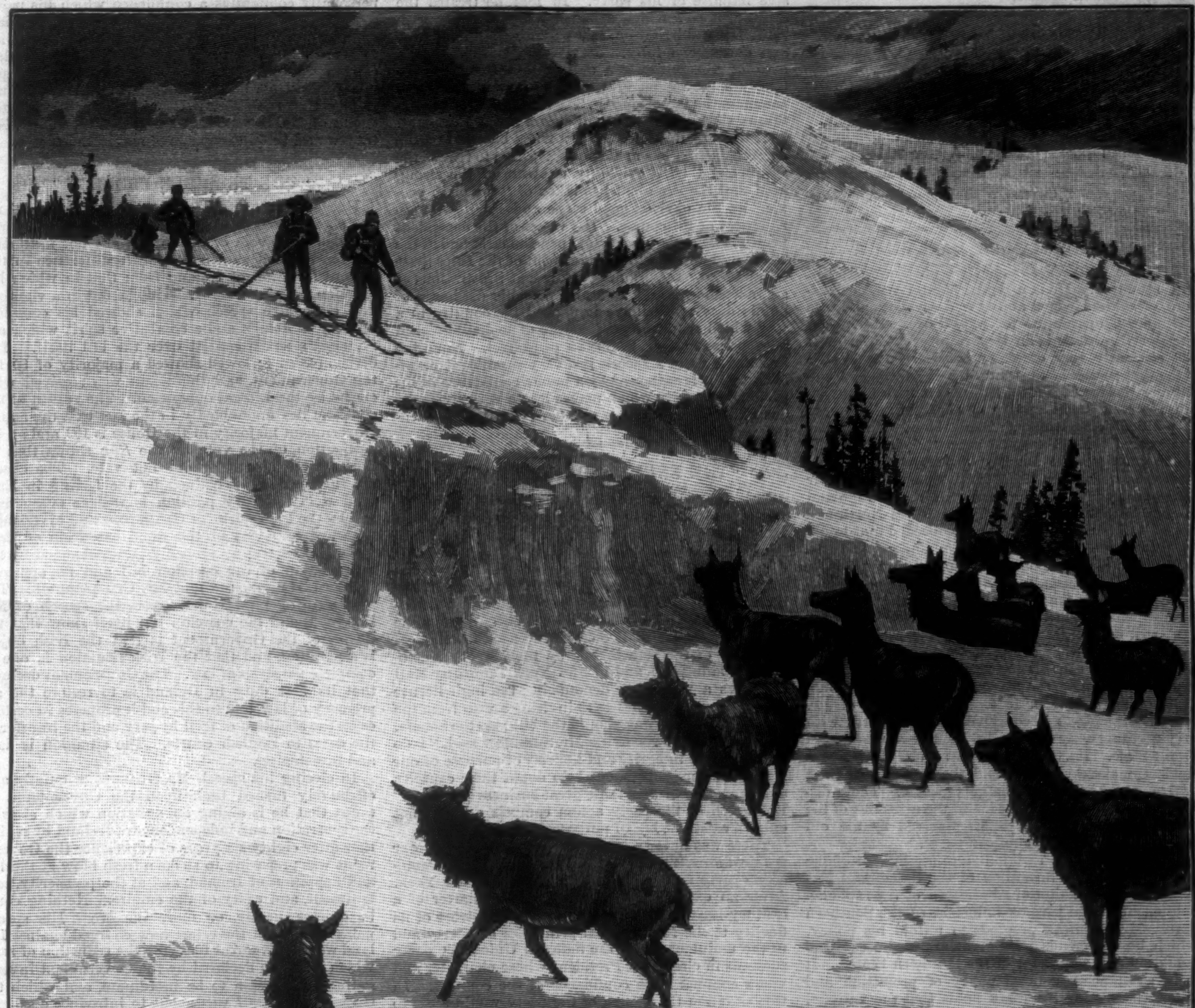

THE YELLOWSTONE IN WINTER—A SURPRISE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 259.]

"Harper's Young People is about as capital a magazine for young people as the largest-hearted parent could desire."—*Ladies' Pictorial, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for April 5 opens with a timely story, entitled "Miss Trigg's Easter Lilies," by E. S. L. Thompson, *illustrated by* Jessie Shepherd.

"Pippin and Tim, or Leaves from a Nursery Chronicle," by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, *is concluded, with an illustration by* C. D. Weldon; *and* Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's *serial, "The Colonel's Money," illustrated by* Frederic Dielman, *is continued.*

The Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., *contributes an article on "Ruth and Naomi," which is illustrated. "Will Shakespeare's Lads" is the subject of an article by* Mary E. Vandyne. *The number also contains an Easter story, "Pierrot," by* Louise Lyon.

Among the pictorial features of this number are a double-page Supplement, "His First Letter," a page illustration, "Popping Corn," by Clinton Peters, *and two droll pages by* F. S. Church, *entitled "Sadie's Bird Panorama."*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 9, 1887.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

MR. SHERMAN AT NASHVILLE.

MR. SHERMAN'S speeches are always worthy of attention. He is a public man of great experience, of acknowledged ability and sagacity, and of a fortunate temperament for public life. His recent speech at Nashville is an important event, because it was evidently very carefully considered, because it is the first speech in that part of the country by a Republican leader of Mr. Sherman's eminence, and because its tone shows a profound change in the temper of political controversy. The "bloody shirt" has disappeared. Mr. Sherman says, "No man in the North questions the honesty of purpose or the heroism with which the Confederates maintained their cause, and you will give credit for like courage and honorable motives to the Union soldiers North and South." He admits that "it is conceded that under the limitations of the Constitution the rights of the citizen of a State can only be enforced through State or national tribunals," and that the national enforcement has thus far failed; and he trusts that the wrongs which are still practised in "the black counties" will be speedily redressed by the people of the States in which they are perpetrated. The tone and significance of all this are very different from those of Mr. Blaine's speech at Augusta in the bitter moment of his defeat in 1884. The first part of Mr. Sherman's address is conceived and expressed with very great sagacity and skill. Tennessee was an old Whig State. Mr. Sherman was an old Whig. He treats the slavery debate and the war as an honest difference which is now happily passed. Those disturbing questions are settled, and the questions of the hour can be most satisfactorily solved by the old Whig policy of the Republican party.

After his careful and temperate treatment of the situation since the formation of the Republican party, and his expression of admiration of the rapid development of the various industries of the Southern States, Mr. Sherman proceeds to unfold his policy, which he commends with great art to the changed condition and sentiment of the Southern States. It is in substance a general policy of protection and paternalism. Mr. Sherman holds that the national questions which should be alone discussed are taxation, currency, public debt, foreign and domestic commerce, education, internal improvements, and, chief of all, the mode of national taxation. It is not a free vote or the Confederacy in the saddle, but the mode of levying duties on imported goods, which is "the main issue between the Republican and Democratic parties." He says that "the Republican idea is practically embodied in the tariff laws as they now exist." But these laws now produce an enormous surplus, and Senator Sherman condemns a Democratic House for practically defeating the Blair educational bill. His policy, then, for reducing the surplus is that of distribution among the States, and not revision of the tariff. Indeed, the Senator's exhortation to Tennessee and to the Southern States is, in brief, "Let us be friends, and maintain a high protective tariff." His speech discards all sectional appeal, leaves the question of the rights of colored citizens to the several States, while frankly asserting that the Republican party is pledged to the maintenance of these rights in every constitutional way, and declares the tariff to be the great issue of the hour.

This is exceedingly adroit, because it presents Mr. Sherman as the one prominent Republican leader who concedes that the negro question is not an actual issue, and who urges the national fostering care of the new industries which are everywhere arising in the Southern States. At the same time it forces the Democratic party to a declaration upon the tariff for which it is not prepared, and upon which, if made, it could not act in concert. But while Mr. Sherman's speech shows that he apprehends clearly the situation in the Southern States, it shows with equal clearness that he does not fully understand the Northern situation. He leaves wholly out of account the currents of opinion which have thrown the Republican party out of power: the change of sentiment in regard to high protection; the demand for administrative reform; the hostility to the political ascendency of the liquor interest; the belief that liberal national expenditures for every kind of purpose under the head of the general welfare necessarily involve enormous corruption and extravagance. These opinions played a great part in the defeat of Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Sherman, with all his sagacity and ability, has never shown himself to be in sympathy with the progressive impulse of his party. In 1884, he treated the significant bolt which defeated the party only with petulance and irritation, as a whimsical, ill-tempered, and outrageous folly. It was not creditable to a man of Mr. Sherman's ability to misconceive so totally a movement of which he now undoubtedly perceives the importance. The same want of perception is shown in his present sneers at the President. Mr. Sherman misstates the fact when he says that the Administration has made no proposition to reduce the surplus, and he is evidently unaware of the strong hold that the President has taken of "the plain people," by the obvious good sense and intelligent uprightness of his course. His vetoes of the dependent pension bill, and of individual pension bills, and of the Texas seed bill, and his appointment of the Inter-State Commerce Commissioners, are recent illustrations of an independent and able and patriotic discharge of public duty which have impressed the country in a way which no passing sneer even of so distinguished an opponent as Mr. Sherman can affect. None the less, the Senator's speech is a very significant manifesto, and it is sustained by a public confidence in his personal integrity which makes him a very conspicuous figure in view of the approach of the "Presidential year."

"THE ENEMIES HE HAS MADE."

It is generally agreed that the vote of New York is essential to the election of the next President, but a wing of the Democratic party in the State seems to be resolved that it shall not be cast for the Democratic candidate. The representatives of that party voted unanimously in the Assembly for the repeal of the civil service law, and with one exception the Democrats voted against the high license bill. Meanwhile the investigation in Brooklyn reveals the practical violation of the reform law by the Mayor's Democratic Commission, and in New York Tammany Hall considers a resolution denouncing the high license bill, with a view doubtless to inviting a veto from the Democratic Governor, should the bill pass the Senate. In his speech at Nashville Mr. Sherman said, "I do not doubt the integrity and honesty of purpose of our Democratic neighbors, but I do doubt their capacity as a party to deal with these great business questions." But much of the party action compels a doubt not only of capacity, but of purpose.

There was never a more ludicrous spectacle in our political annals than that which a wing of the Democratic party now presents in the State of New York. After an exclusion from power for a quarter of a century because of profound national distrust of its fidelity to the fundamental principles of liberty and to the maintenance of the national Union, the party succeeds in electing a President whose character and views command the confidence of the country. In this situation the course of the party would seem to be plain enough. It would seem almost impossible to avoid it. But with a fatuity which is both comical and contemptible the wing of which we speak devotes itself to declaring that the President is not a Democrat, because of the very things that commanded confidence and secured his election. Not content with this, if there be a measure, like the civil service law, which by common consent is a great public benefit, and is approved by the most intelligent practical public opinion, the party, as a party, votes for its repeal, manifestly not for the public benefit, but for a supposed partisan advantage, at the expense of the public service and of political morality; and if a measure like the high license bill is proposed to lessen poverty and crime in the community, the same Democratic folly opposes it upon some technical or formal pretext. Few Presidents have come into the Executive chair after more serious doubts as to the wisdom of his election or more reckless and frantic personal vituperation than Mr. Cleveland. Few Presidents have ever so completely allayed partisan and personal distrust by his honest and sensible and patriotic course, and yet the only doubt of his triumphant re-election arises from the fact that a wing of his party repudiates him as its representative.

This is especially true of his own State, and of the more active body of politicians in it, who control local conventions. The party machine is a most important agent in determining the nomination, and the machine is not friendly to the President. The sentiment that leads the Democratic representatives in the Legislature to vote solidly for the repeal of the civil service act and against the high license bill is strong in the New York Democracy, but it is not a sentiment which is in sympathy with the President. There are undoubtedly young and earnest and patriotic Democrats to whom some of the great traditions of their party, such as its long subservience to the slave power, are abhorrent, and who warmly and wisely sustain the President in his struggle for honest administration. But that kind of support is private and individual. Very few of the conspicuous and recognized leaders of the party, such as Mr. Carlisle, or Mr. Randall, or Mr. Thurman, or Mr. Morrison, or Mr. McDonald, or Mr. Hill, are his hearty supporters. Fortunately for the country, the President is very much stronger than his party, and he personally commands a confidence which his party does not. It will be compelled to renominate him, or to abandon the hope of success. Yet the hostility to him in his own party in New York is such that even were he renominated, his Democratic opponents would see him defeated with the same equanimity that the Blaine Republicans witnessed the defeat of Mr. Davenport, and, as in that case also, they would be quite capable of making sure of it.

"THE TERRIBLE PROBLEM."

Mr. Morley's amendment that the question of relief should precede that of coercion in Ireland was defeated by a vote of 349 to 260, but not until Mr. Gladstone had shown the entire difference in the present situation of Ireland from that in which his coercion bill was offered. This he did in a vigorous and aggressive speech which showed his complete mastery of details, and a combative spirit which announced a sharp contest over the bill itself. The division that followed showed a majority of 89 for the Government, and this result was received with cheers by the Liberal opposition. The reason of the cheering lies undoubtedly in the fact that the actual Government majority in the House is 102, and an investigation of the vote by the *Sun* shows that 32 Tories were absent or did not vote. The cheers are further to be explained by the feeling in England that the Tory position is weaker every day, and by the high spirits of Gladstone and his friends, who are confident of the rapid extension of their views. This feeling probably is not changed by the introduction of the coercion bill and its approval by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. The manifesto of Lord Hartington, the speech of Mr. Balfour, and the coercion bill itself show that the theory of the Government is that the Irish object is separation, and that the Irish situation is one of complete paralysis of law. The Government declares that its first duty in Ireland is to restore the supremacy of law, and to this end it proposes in certain cases the abolition of trial by jury and the transfer of the cases to English courts. The situation is dark and threatening.

In closing his speech Mr. Gladstone quietly and effectively turned back upon the Government its taunt that he is aiding an agitation which aims at the separation and independence of Ireland by saying that after eighty-six years of experience the Government was preparing to strike a fresh blow at the life and happiness of Ireland, and at the prosperity, contentment, and unity of the empire. Nothing could be quieter, neater, or more incisive. His speech pointed out that the crime now charged against Ireland was a movement to secure the reduction of rent, which has been declared by the Government investigating commission to be inordinate, and which the Government itself was about to introduce a scheme to diminish. But, as we stated last week, such arguments, however unanswerable, are useless against those who hold that the Irish agitation is not due to suffering or sense of wrong, but is merely the work of a few conspirators who are seeking for their own purposes to dissolve the English connection. But they are not useless as addressed to the British public, because the Government itself admits a grievance which it proposes to redress. The fact of Mr. Gladstone's leadership of the Irish question, that under him it has ruptured the Liberal party, and that it is the absorbing topic of Parliament and of public attention, shows that for the first time its scope and importance are apprehended by the great mass of Englishmen.

There is little doubt of Mr. Gladstone's confidence of a rapid change of opinion, while many of his friends expect to see him return to power in a few months, or within a year or two. It is hardly possible that with Irish opinion strongly opposed to coercion, and English opinion largely averse to it, the Tory policy, which is conceived in a spirit of hostility, can permanently pacify the country. In any case coercion is a temporary measure, and how temporary the great number of similar laws proves. Lord Salisbury in a recent address speaks of the Irish question as the terrible problem, which has so long beset English statesmen. But would it have been so terrible if the object of English statesmanship had been to gain the confidence of Ireland?

The relation of the two countries for many obvious reasons has been always exceptional. But that conciliation in any large and generous sense has inspired the English policy no Englishman can assert. To insist now, against the declaration of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE, that the object or the necessary result of their efforts is or will be imperial dissolution is idle. As Mr. PARNELL has said, any such effort would be crushed at once by British power. To accept the statements of these objects made by the Irish party as true, and to meet them in a spirit of friendly consideration, would seem to be as obvious as it is a wise policy.

RHODE ISLAND.

THOSE who are familiar with the politics of Rhode Island know that for many years it has been one of the most absolutely machine-ridden States in the Union, and that its political corruption of various kinds has been notorious. None admit this more frankly and regretfully than Rhode Island Republicans. As President ROBINSON, of Brown University, said at a public meeting some years ago, the form does not change the substance, and the bribery of patronage is as demoralizing as the bribery of money. Until recently any serious contest with the Republican machine seemed to be hopeless, and few efforts for relief were made. But the death of Senator ANTHONY, and the circumstances of the appointment last year of General BRAYTON as the chief agent of the prohibitory law and the head of "the machine," have encouraged a strong and resolute movement to purge the politics of the State, and to rescue the Republican party from a leadership which is distrusted by a very intelligent, unselfish, and powerful Republican sentiment.

Two years ago the managers of the party brought forward, as their candidate for Governor, Mr. WETMORE, an estimable gentleman who has a summer residence at Newport, but who was not especially identified with the State, nor generally known to the people. He was elected, and re-elected last year. But in view of the strong Republican dissatisfaction with the situation, and the evident desire and determination that the party management and methods should be changed, and the party placed in a position to regain the Republican confidence and support which it had lost, it was announced that Mr. WETMORE would not accept a renomination this year. But "the machine" was alarmed, and put forth its utmost efforts. Mr. WETMORE reconsidered his determination, and in a Convention which was skilfully managed by General BRAYTON he was unanimously renominated. General BRAYTON was recently Postmaster at Providence, and his official conduct exposed him to legal proceedings, from which he was saved by timely pecuniary assistance, and his mastership of the party is naturally extremely distasteful to those who do not regard politics as a trade, and who feel that such leaders greatly injure the party. The result at the Convention was but another proof of the power of the management which is repulsive to many of the best Republicans in the State, and the Providence *Journal*, the chief Republican paper in Rhode Island, and one of the leading Republican papers in New England, promptly bolted the action of the Convention. Its position is undoubtedly approved by a very large body of Republicans, but how many of them will have the courage to vote as they think will be proved at the election, which takes place as this paper is issued. The injury done to the party by this control is shown by the conceded fact that for the first time since the Republican party was formed its success at this election is doubtful, not because of any decline of preference for the party principles, but from the conviction that support of a party so directed will soon become impossible. The situation is desperate for the BRAYTON managers, who have been holding a series of meetings to save their hold upon the party.

At the first of these meetings Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE, of Boston, said that the opposition was a Mugwump movement to overthrow General BRAYTON, upon the principle of burning down your house to roast your pig. This means that it is suicidal to defeat a party in order to rebuke or to change its management. But that argument is rather comprehensive. It would have justified every New York Democrat in supporting the TWEED Ring, in order to keep out the Republicans and secure reform within the party; and it condemns the New York Republicans who refused to support FOLGER because of the methods of his nomination. The argument of Mr. LODGE is, in substance, that a Republican must stick to his party, however bad its nominations and corrupt its methods, because, in any case, the Democratic party is worse. His plea is that you must seek reform within the party, and the *reductio ad absurdum* of his argument is that the way to get rid of bad leadership is to support it. Now, if the Republican nominations are bad and the Republican methods corrupt, the Republican party is not better than the Democratic party; and if, when such nominations are made, and such methods are known, they are sustained, the party never will be better than the Democratic. In the present case it is not alleged that Governor WETMORE'S is a bad nomination in any other sense than that it is the result of methods which are repudiated by many of the best and most devoted Republicans in the State, and that it is designed to confirm and strengthen those methods. The opposition, like that to Mr. FOLGER, is not personal to Mr. WETMORE, but to the power and the methods which have obtained control of the party. In New York the defeat of Mr. FOLGER and the discredit of the machine by Republican action was overwhelming, and the result was proof of a political independence without which support of party becomes mere slavish servility. The result in Rhode Island will be watched with great interest, and the overthrow of the Republican machine by Republican votes would be a significant warning and a cheering sign of Republican independence.

THE CAR STOVE.

THE New York Railroad Commissioners have reported to the Assembly Railroad Committee their confidence that cars can be heated by steam, and that the stove need be tolerated no longer. Many valuable lives and untold suffering are the price paid for this conclusion, and this bitter experience may well suggest to all Railroad Commissioners whether enormous sacrifices of life and great suffering may not be prevented by careful observation and suggestion in regard to other forms of peril. Why should so many men and women be frightfully hurried to death before it is ascertained that stoves need not be placed in cars? Why should the bridge fall with terrible consequences before bridges are thoroughly inspected?

From the first moment that a fire was kindled in a car stove the peril was evident, and for many years a serious accident to a train has been accompanied with the burning of the cars. The peril of bridges which must constantly endure the weight and the jar of immense trains has been equally evident from the first. There are plenty of other railroad dangers of various kinds, against the consequences of which careful prevision would guard the public. It ought not to be necessary that the experience of horrible disaster should first arouse official attention and stimulate official action.

> "We must bear in mind," say the Commissioners, "that the travelling public will insist upon having the cars kept warm, especially when the outside temperature is from zero downward. This leads us to consider what inventors call the 'state of the art' of steam locomotive heating. The system has been practically tested to an extent that warrants us in saying that under all ordinary circumstances it can be adopted by railroads upon trains of from three to seven cars without serious apprehensions of failure. Whether our long trains of from ten to fourteen cars can be heated satisfactorily by steam is a serious mooted question. It has not been done at all even under favorable conditions. Each inventor and his friends insist that it can be done under his system, and hence that failure to adopt that system at once is almost criminal."

If trains of ten or fourteen cars cannot be heated with reasonable safety to passengers, they should not be allowed to carry passengers. Increased expense to the railroads in avoiding palpable danger is not to be considered a good reason for not requiring every fair safeguard. A man may be allowed to take many risks for himself which he must not be allowed to take for other people.

AN OLD ABUSE CORRECTED.

WE mentioned some time since the great abuses which have been practised in Morocco by some foreign consuls, including the American, under plea of protecting the natives. It was very fortunate that in the endeavor to maintain this abuse the late Consul of the United States encountered the opposition of Mr. ION PERDICARIS, an American gentleman of means and leisure, who has resided for some time in the country for the benefit of the health of his family. Mr. PERDICARIS came to this country and represented to the Executive the facts and the situation so indisputably that the evil was redressed by the appointment of another American Consul, who arrived at Tangier on the 17th of March, and was received with the customary salute. He will investigate the abuses thoroughly, and officially notify the abandonment by the United States of the evil practice. A crowd of natives came to the house of Mr. PERDICARIS to thank him for his efficient intervention, and undoubtedly he has in the most unostentatious manner performed a signal public service.

THE OCEAN RACE.

THE race between the *Coronet* and *Dauntless* was rather a trial of seamanship than of speed. Captain ANDERSON said that it was the worst weather he had ever seen in all his 174 passages. The fortnight from land to land was a prolonged storm of varying fury from gales to cyclones, with terrific seas. The voyage puts an end to talk about fair-weather seamanship, for no veteran of the ocean ever encountered more dangerous weather or surmounted it more skilfully than the pleasure-yachts. The *Dauntless*, indeed, had made an ocean race before, in 1870, when she sailed from Queenstown to New York with the *Cambria*, which arrived only two hours before her. In 1866 the *Henrietta*, in a race with two other schooners from Sandy Hook to the Needles, Isle of Wight, was successful in a voyage of 13 days, 21 hours, and 55 minutes.

In the present race the general feeling at the start was favorable to the *Dauntless*, both because of her previous career and because Captain SAMUELS is a popular nautical figure, who seems to share the quality expressed in the name of the famous clipper that he commanded—*Dreadnought*. The *Coronet* was a new vessel without a history, but she has begun her record in a very heroic way. Those who saw the departure in the stiff wind of the 12th of March were struck by her performance, and the apparent lead at the start, which she had increased at the last report in the evening, was a presage of the event.

Our English brethren, if they have been disposed to regard American yachting as less venturesome than their own, will now acknowledge that their laurels are imperilled in every way, and that the new rivalry for the sovereignty of the seas will try them to the utmost. The advent of the *Thistle* will be now awaited with curious expectation. But she must be very fleet and uncommonly well handled to regain the cup.

"THE HORSE-FAIR."

THE gift of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair" to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mr. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT secures for the free enjoyment of the public one of the most famous of modern pictures. It was painted about thirty-five years ago, and was then sold for $13,000. It is now bought at the STEWART sale for $53,000—a price which shows the increasing hold upon public admiration of the artist's reputation. The modest manner of the gift, as well as its intrinsic importance, is characteristic of the giver, and it is another illustration of the wisdom and public spirit with which many great fortunes in this country are administered.

There is undoubtedly a general feeling in the country that such fortunes are to be held, as it were, in trust for public uses, and not devoted solely to private enjoyment and purposes; and consequently great wealth which is merely hoarded or engaged in its own accumulation tends to make the person unpleasantly conspicuous by comparison with the wise generosity with which other riches are diffused. The gift of Mr. VANDERBILT senior to the College of Physicians and Surgeons was peculiarly happy. It belonged to the category of the VASSAR, CORNELL, and COOPER benefactions, to which also is to be added the munificent fund given by the will of Mr. TILDEN for a free library.

In many other States there are similar instances, which not only secure special benefits, but have the good general effect of dissipating the jealousy with which great riches are sometimes regarded. No man lives to himself alone, and he lives most and in imperishable remembrance whose use of his opportunities most promotes the general welfare.

PERSONAL.

MR. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, the venerable Secretary of the National Academy of Design, always finds at least one picture in the annual exhibitions hung wrong side down. This year the unfortunate specimen represented a mother lifting her child from a cradle, and it was so hung that she seemed to be taking it out of a cupboard. Often the discovery of the mistake is not made until the painter of the picture sees it at the opening of the exhibition. Mr. RICHARDS has the full assurance of faith that in the next Academy exhibition there will be another picture hung wrong side down.

—It costs the Artists' Fund Society about $1800 a year to conduct its annual exhibition, and the prices obtained for pictures are by no means satisfactory. A leading member proposes that the exhibition be dispensed with, and that the annual dues for life-insurance be paid by the painters directly. By this arrangement he estimates that $65 apiece will be sufficient, instead of $100 apiece as at present. The low prices that prevail at the auction sales of the society tend, he thinks, to disparage native art.

—One of the founders of the Authors' Club has devised a scheme for the erection of a magnificent club-house, with a theatre and dining hall, which shall be the common head-quarters of several of the younger clubs in this city, each of the clubs to retain its separate organization and management, but all of them to enjoy the privileges of the commodious structure itself.

—LENA HASTREITER, prima donna of the American Opera Company last season, has achieved success in London. Fifteen years ago she was looked upon as a prodigy, with a soprano voice of wonderful compass and bird-like sweetness; but marriage took her from the stage for ten years, and it is only within the last three years that she has sung in public.

—EDWIN BOOTH'S receipts for his first week in San Francisco were $21,834, the Saturday matinée yielding no less than $3,093 50. The second week's receipts will probably reach $16,000. Enthusiastic as well as large houses greet Mr. BOOTH nightly, and his reception has been more cordial than that given to any actor for many years.

—The composer of the song "It was my Last Cigar" is JOHN HUBBARD, for many years an employé of the Chicago Post-office. The words were written by a fellow-student of HUBBARD'S at college. Over a million copies of the song have been sold.

—JUNE K. NIMMIA, the only Japanese Mason in this country, was married recently at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he is studying medicine, to MARY M. GALLAGHER. The young man's father is one of the court physicians of Japan, and when the son returns to that country next July with his American bride he will be assigned to duty in the army.

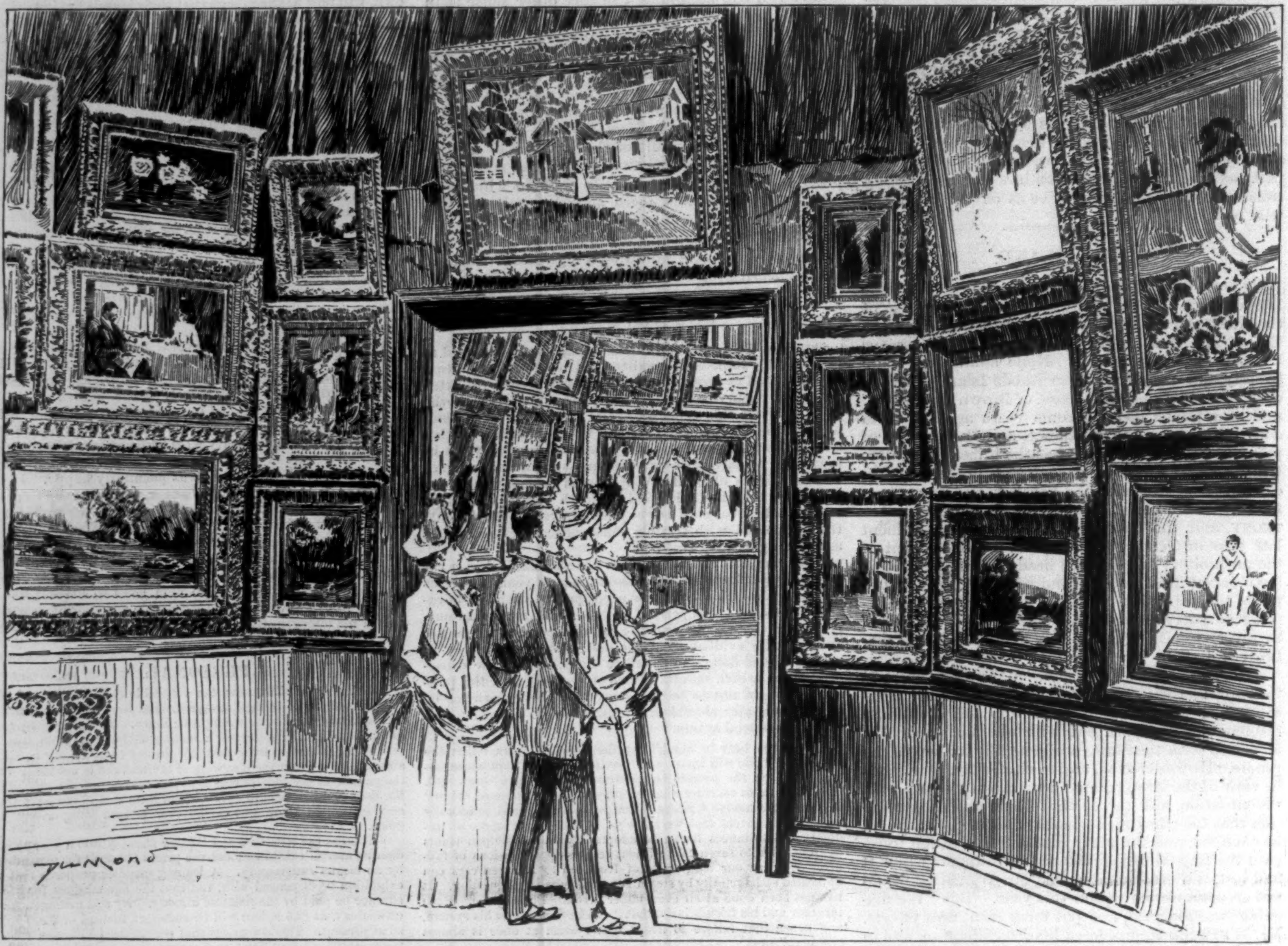
—A wealthy retired merchant of San Francisco has adopted a late custom of Madame BERNHARDT, and keeps his coffin in a spare room. The curiosity is a beautiful specimen of the undertaker's art, and on the gold plate is the owner's name, with a blank space left for the date of death and the age. The old gentleman spends much time in silent communion with the coffin, and when the lining or other parts show signs of age or the ravages of moths, he has them renewed. His friends declare that he has grown more robust since he adopted this custom.

—A number of lads in Salem, Massachusetts, inspired by the researches of elder townsmen like Professors MORSE and FENALLOSA, and by the private collections and public museums of that old town, have organized a natural history society, which they call the Cuvier, have begun the publication of a little scientific paper, and have held a fair, with the assistance of various ladies, to begin a fund with which to secure a place for their studies and their specimens.

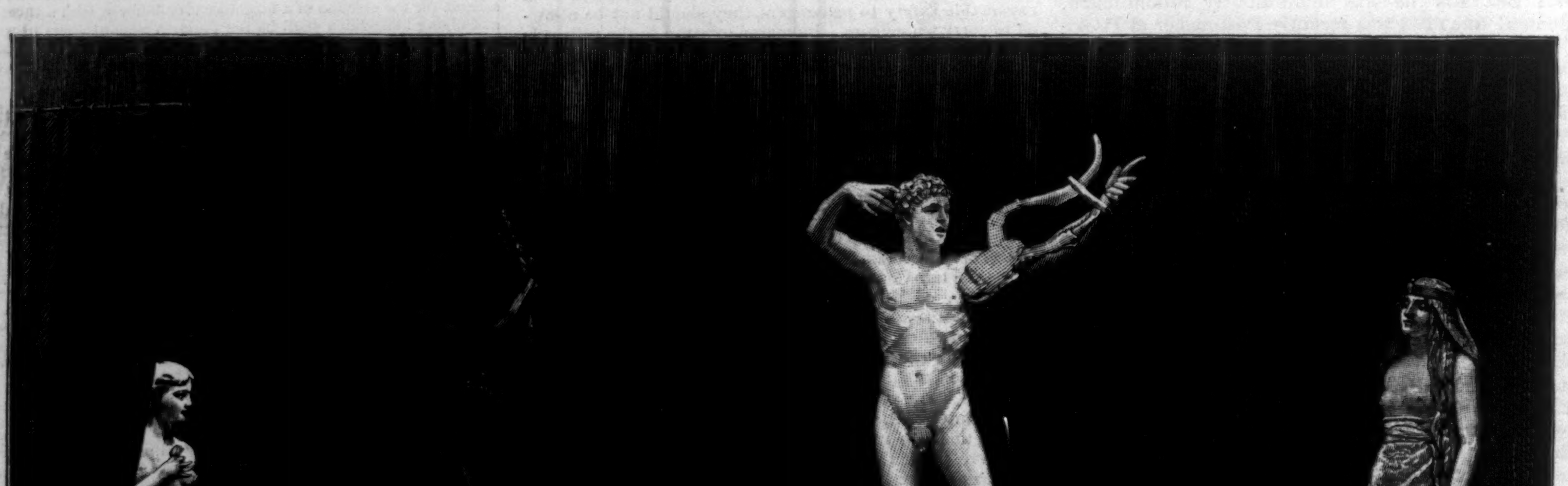
—Mr. SIDNEY WOOLLETT, the elocutionist, is said to have memorized more than 300,000 verses of poetry. He recites a poem like TENNYSON'S "Elaine" without using a book or a note. Occasionally he makes a slight mistake, as in a recent rendering of the line "Things seen are mightier than things felt," where he substituted "heavier" for "mightier." But his audiences are undoubtedly larger and more interested than if he merely read to them.

—Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON has been elected President of the Boston Browning Society, and Mr. W. J. ROLFE one of the two Vice-Presidents. The society has now about 130 members, the limit prescribed by the constitution being 150. Its meetings are held monthly, from October to May, inclusive.

—Mr. GEORGE W. ROLFE, son of Mr. W. J. ROLFE, the SHAKESPEARE editor, has been elected a foreign member of the Berlin Chemical Society, in acknowledgment of work done in the chemical laboratory of Harvard College last year. A paper prepared by him, in connection with Professor C. L. JACKSON, on "A New Method for the Quantitative Determination of Hydroxyl," has been published in Berlin, and also in the *Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*. Mr. ROLFE graduated at Harvard in 1885, and took his A.M. there in 1886.

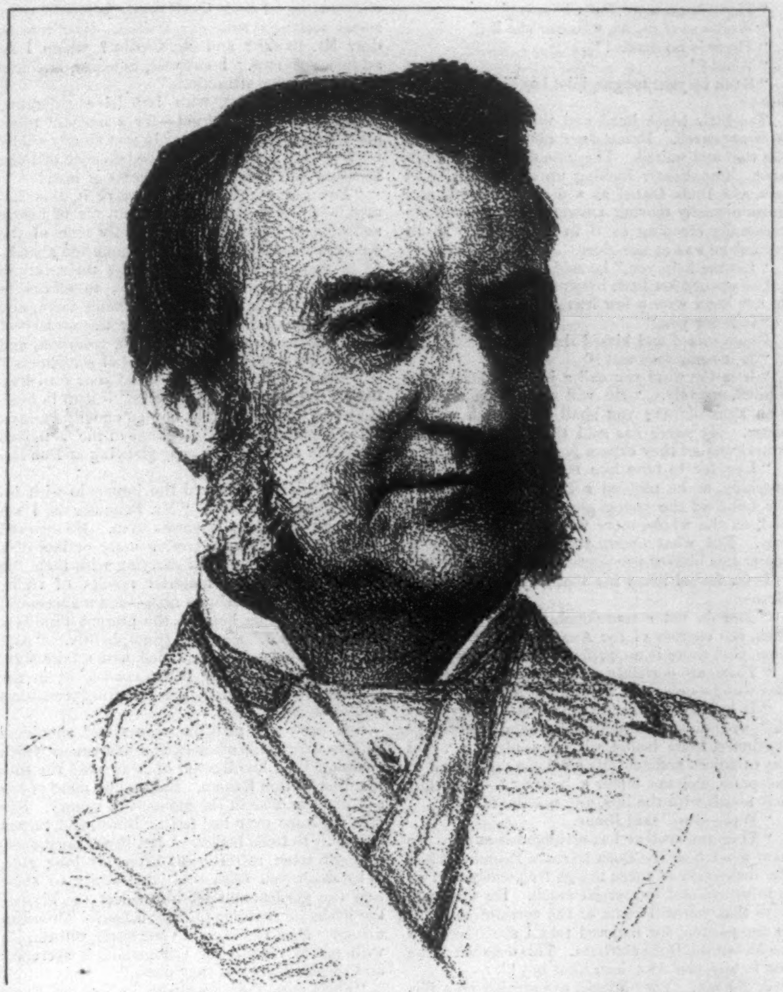


LOOKING INTO THE SOUTH ROOM.—Drawn by F. V. du Mond after a Photograph by Pach Brothers.

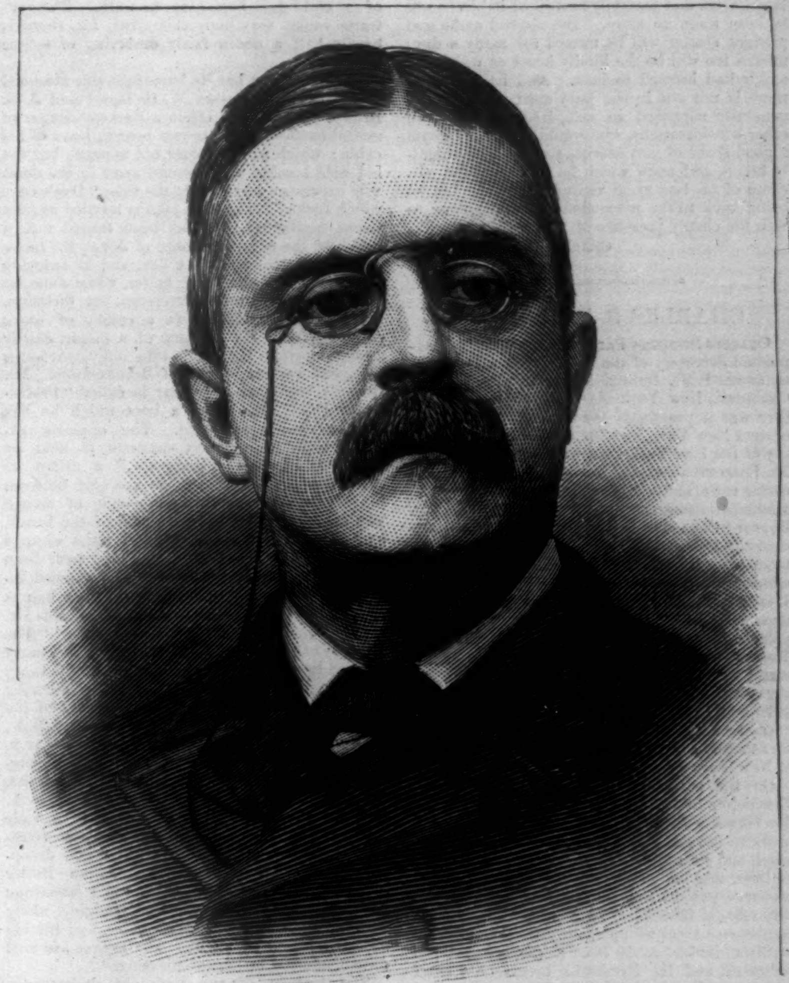


THE EXHIBIT OF SCULPTURE.—Photographed by Pach Brothers.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[See Page 254.]



WILLIAM R. TRAVERS.—From a Crayon Drawing by Kurtz



CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
From a Photograph by C. M. Bell.—[See Page 254.]

WILLIAM R. TRAVERS.

It is the happy lot of some men, without ever occupying a public position, or having their personality sharply projected by the light of events, to weave themselves pleasantly with and become a part of the popular life. Of these was **William R. Travers**, who recently died at Bermuda, whither he had gone in early winter with but a faint chance of bettering his health.

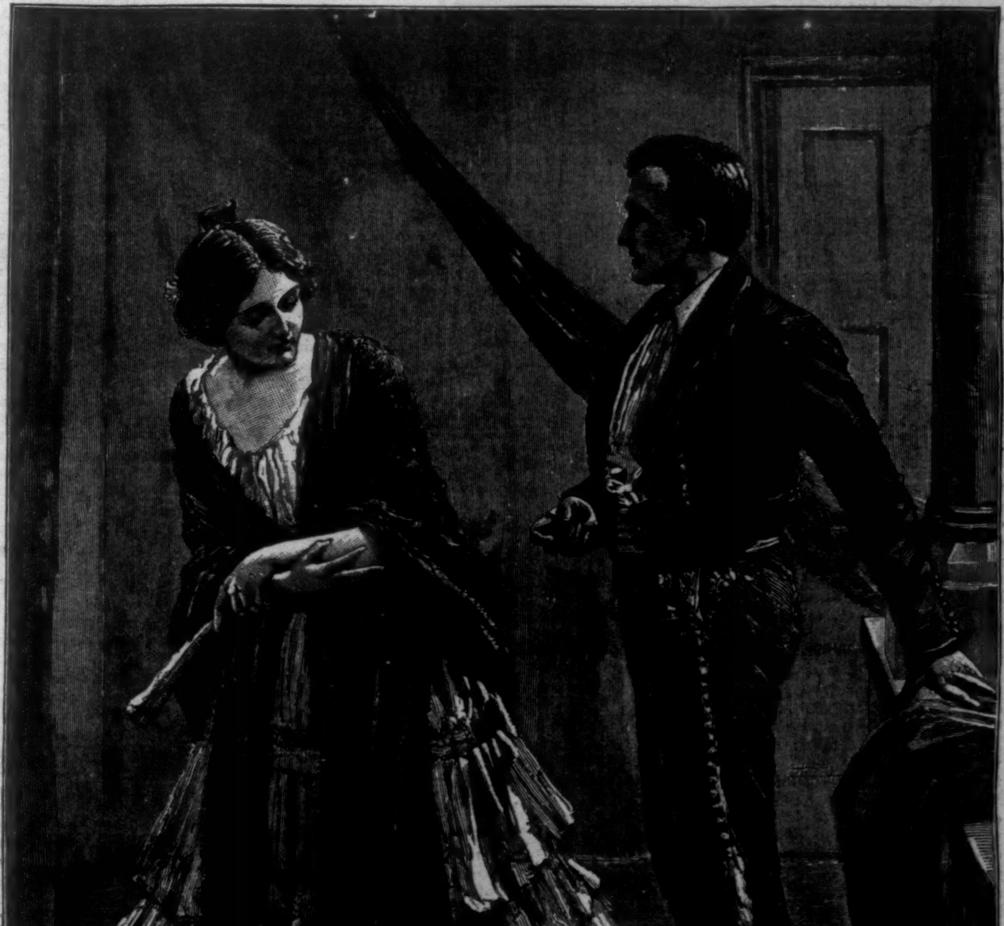
That Mr. **Travers** should have had a local reputation in this city, where nearly two-thirds of his seventy years were spent, is not strange. For though always a man of affairs, he was at the same time more or less a man of leisure—holding that the world might be put to other uses than that of a work-house alone—and he touched life at many points. His wit made him a centre of attraction at the clubs, where his *bon-mots*, caught up as they fell minted from his lips, became current: that many forgeries were issued in his name goes without saying. In social circles a geniality that was unfailing, and a courtesy of demeanor that had not a flaw, made him ever welcome. And his patronage of the turf and association with it gave him an extended acquaintance; few on the track who did not know "Bill" **Travers** at least by sight. He was out of the swim indeed who could not repeat his latest saying.

But beyond all this the reputation of Mr. **Travers** penetrated. A wit who never published a book, perhaps never wrote a line for publication; a raconteur who never made a speech, never bored a friend with a story; a successful speculator who was never accused of swindling; a life-long Democrat who never held an office—it is not strange, under these circumstances, that he came to have a cosmopolitan celebrity, and that the echo of the repartee uttered here was heard in Paris. As well as wit, Mr. **Travers** had common-sense, and that he carried into all the affairs of life. Approached once to know if he would accept a nomination for the Mayoralty: "N-no," said he. "I've a-always m-managed to m-make my f-friends think I'm a pr-pretty decent f-fellow, and I d-don't w-want to w-wake up some m-morning and f-find that I'm a th-thundering sc-sc-scoundrel." Alike with **Charles Lamb** he was endowed with that not altogether unmixed blessing, an impediment of speech, that, though it hindered him from saying much, gave peculiar effect to what he did say. The impediment was as pepper to his speech. His halt had a purpose. You heard, as it were, the click of the lock as he cocked his gun, but there was no use in dodging; the shot was at its mark before you could escape. But it was kindly sped, and, unenvenomed, rankled never in the wound.

He could take as well as give, which is not always the case with jesters; but he who played at bowls with this master had need to expect rubbers. It was the exercise of this common-sense that enabled him, humorist though he was, to grasp and bear away a fortune from that maelstrom where so many who go to sound leave all. Amid the wild whirls of popular enthusiasm Mr. **Travers** stood prudently on one side. "Aren't you going in, Bill?" asked a friend of him, just before the culmination of one of the many disastrous "rises" which "the street" has seen. "N-no," he said; "there are f-fools enough *in* without m-m-me." And he stood on his feet when that friend was swept away a financial wreck; and standing on his feet, was enabled to extend the hand of help that his sinking friend so badly needed. It was in keeping with this characteristic level-headedness that he persistently refused to give "points," or even advice, to young men ambitious of dabbling in speculation. "Can you tell me how to make some money, Uncle **William**?" was often asked of him. "N-no; but I c-can t-tell you how to k-keep what you've g-g-got," was the ready response. With those who made speculation their profession he would exchange ideas readily enough, but he utterly declined to make himself responsible for losses that might be incurred by amateurs desirous of taking a hand at this most uncertain of all games of chance.

The confidence which the friends of Mr. **Travers** had in him was extraordinary. It was only necessary for him to endorse a scheme to secure a following. Probably it was a knowledge of this fact which made him so chary of endorsement. Was a racing association in difficulty, it was at once rehabilitated and set on its feet could it secure his guarantee. Did a club linger and languish, his acceptance of the presidency made it a success from that moment, and members crowded in. "You see, the old man always pulled true," said a well-known turfman in speaking of him, and this told the story. His friends trusted him implicitly.

Wall Street remains, but the familiar face and figure of one of its



"WITH A SLIGHT INCLINATION OF HER BARED HEAD SHE PASSED SLOWLY OUT OF THE CORRIDOR."
[See Serial "The Crusade of the 'Excelsior,'" Page 254.]

best-known and certainly best-liked habitués will be seen there no more. The shrewd smile and piquant stutter will be missed for many a day; missed too will be the kindly heart on which not a few had learned to lean. And bull or bear, there is not one in the busy mart where self is generally supposed to rule, irrespective of all other considerations, who would not to-day abate a good share of that success for which he ardently hopes, and upon which he counts as the outcome of his last great venture, could he but so bring back to the place that knew him once so well the cheery presence of "Uncle William."

Charles Henry Webb.

CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD.

Charles Stebbins Fairchild, who has been appointed Secretary of the United States Treasury, to succeed Mr. Daniel Manning, was born at Cazenovia, New York, April 30, 1842. His father was a prominent lawyer and politician in central New York, and for many years an attorney of the New York Central Railroad Company. Mr. Fairchild received his early education in his native town, and was prepared for college at the Methodist Seminary in Cazenovia. He entered Harvard College in 1859, and graduated with the class of 1863. For two years following he attended the Harvard Law School, and in 1865 was admitted to the bar. He joined the law firm of Hand, Hale, Swartz, & Fairchild, one of the most successful in the State, and in 1874 was appointed by Attorney-General Pratt as his deputy. The next year he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Attorney-General, and was elected, serving in that office during the years 1876 and 1877. On the expiration of his term he made a two years' visit to Europe, and after his return, in 1880, engaged in the practice of law in New York city.

On the accession of Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency in 1885 the policy to be pursued by the Treasury Department of the government appears to have occupied a prominent place in his mind, and he sought the counsel of men whom he knew and had confidence in. A natural consequence was the selection of the principal Treasury officers from New York, with whose public men alone he was well acquainted. Daniel Manning was invited to the head of the Treasury Department, and Mr. Fairchild became his chief assistant. He was known as a man of clear and practical views on financial questions, strongly inclined to a revision of the tariff in the direction of lower duties and simpler regulations, and decidedly in favor of a conservative currency policy. For the first year of the administration Mr. Manning gave his personal attention to the duties of his office, perhaps too assiduously, as in March, 1886, he was stricken down by an apoplectic attack, from which he has not yet fully recovered. For some months he was entirely unable to attend to official duties, and to Mr. Fairchild fell the task of practically directing the affairs of the Treasury Department. He was not at any time afterward, before Mr. Manning's resignation took effect on April 1, entirely relieved of that burden. He performed the duties of the head of the Treasury so efficiently that when the vacancy came his promotion was regarded as a matter of course. Mr. Fairchild is a firm believer in civil service reform, and exemplifies his belief in practice.

PICTURES AT THE SPRING ACADEMY.

Two Varnishing Days on Thursday and Friday, a Buyers' Day on Saturday, and a reception and private view in the evening, ushered in the Sixty-second Annual Exhibition of the Academy of Design with more than customary pomp. A rally of the believers in native art has taken place inside and outside the Venetian palace on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and the Committee of Thirteen, or of Selection, has had the hardihood not only to reject 1100 pictures, but refuse all the contributions of at least one Associate whose work was considered too poor to hang. The action of outsiders, like the late Mr. Hallgarten, Mr. T. B. Clarke, and Mr. Norman W. Dodge, who have founded prizes for the encouragement of landscape and figure paintings by American artists of both sexes, has had not a little to do with those drastic measures of reform which have raised the proportion of pictures contributed by Academicians to one-third of the whole exhibit, and reduced to something like equality the chances of outside artists to see their paintings hung. Finding that there are persons who are sufficiently interested in native art to found prizes and invest money in native pictures, the slow-going members of the Academy became less conservative, and threw their weight in favor of a change. To this we owe the betterment observable in the quality, to this the grateful diminution to be seen in the quantity of the exhibits.

Portraiture has excellent showing in the spring exhibition. The President of the Academy offers a likeness of H. W. Sage, the benefactor of Cornell University, and another of the late General Logan. Eastman Johnson has a portrait of his wife, a grave and beautiful piece of work, a standing likeness of the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, and a genre picture from Nantucket—the interior of a shoe-maker's shop patronized by a knot of old whalers. Frederic Dielman has a capital portrait of a lady with a large black fan through which the yellow roses in her dress show with pleasant effect, and Carroll Beckwith appears with a very robustly wrought portrait of Dr. William Seward Webb. The late George Fuller, of Boston, is recalled by his portrait, belonging to Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, painted by E. T. Billings, and the coming generation is honored by Alden Weir's fine portrait of a child just beginning to walk. The portraits range very high this year, for there is hardly half a dozen fairly deserving of severe criticism.

The exhibition has its humorous side attended to especially by Messrs. W. H. Beard and J. G. Brown. The former offers a backwoodsman in mortal conflict with a brown bear in front of his cabin; which will win does not appear; but the old wife leaning with crossed arms in the doorway expresses very clearly the title, "Don't Care which Licks." The next joke is levelled against Greek mythology. Io has been turned into a heifer by the enraged spouse of Jove; the latter has turned himself into a lion, and is enjoying the caresses of the white heifer, while Juno, as a lioness, steals up to interrupt the flirtation. "After the Picnic" shows a colony of hares carousing with the remains of a picnic, chiefly strong waters in bottles, and the individual hares represent various stages of drunkenness. Mr. Brown's bootblack this year is called "Professional Pride," and holds a boot which he has been zealously polishing. The opposite extreme from these merry canvases is held by Winslow Homer's "Undertow," a group of three men and one woman in the surf between the going and coming of a couple of waves. The nearest and farthest are men of the beach, and between them, the woman's arms clasped about the man, are two bathers who have been carried out by the "sea-puss," and rescued inanimate, perhaps dead. The water and figures are painted with great vigor and skill; in this Mr. Homer has surpassed his former efforts. "The Panoply of War," by Alfred Thompson, is a fairly painted trophy of arms, remarkable for the fancy of placing a skull inside the helmet and securing a dagger transversely between the jaws of the skull. A large canvas, by Julian Scott, A.N.A., is devoted to a group at Spottsylvania, May 9, 1864, about the prostrate form of General Sedgwick, all the persons present being portraits. "Drifting" is a simply painted love scene, by F. Schuchardt, Jun., the lovers being in a rude sail-boat, on a perfectly calm sea, the sentiment being as restful as the water and drooping sail. "Going Home," by Joline Butler Smith, of New Haven, shows a quiet landscape with river, a stout little boy trudging along with landing-net over his shoulder, and his big sister walking by his side. The figures are well drawn, and the landscape pleasing.

The feature of the sculpture department, which this year is unusually good, is John Donoghue's "Young Sophokles," an ideal life-size of the ideal dramatic poet of the Greeks as he appeared leading the young Athenians chosen for the purpose in the dance round the trophy erected for the great naval victory at Salamis. The effort has been to unite the limbs of an athlete, which Sophokles was, to the torso of a youth of sixteen. The face is beautiful but old for the age when he danced naked before his fellow-citizens. The movement is that of slow forward motion combined with the ecstasy of song, and he holds an antique lyre high in his left arm, while the right moves toward the strings. Mr. Donoghue's "Seraphim," a bass-relief, is vastly inferior to this beautiful statue.

The Academy has inaugurated a new scheme of selecting works of art for exhibition, and celebrated the departure by changes in the appearance of the walls, plush entering largely into the decoration and producing a sober, rich effect, grateful to the eye and excellent in throwing out in relief the paintings and statuary. A new era has begun in the Academy, and it is not at all likely that the advance thus gained will ever be lost.

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."*

By BRET HARTE.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

The garden over whose wall Brace had mysteriously vanished was apparently as deserted as the lane and plaza without. But its solitude was one of graceful shadow and restful loveliness. A tropical luxuriance, that had perpetuated itself year after year, until it was half suffocated in its own overgrowth and strangled with its own beauty, spread over a variegated expanse of starry flowers, shimmering leaves, and slender inextricable branches, pierced here and there by towering, rigid cactus spikes or the curved plumes of palms. The repose of ages lay in its hushed groves, its drooping vines, its lifeless creepers; the dry dust of its decaying leaves and branches mingled with the living perfumes, like the spiced embalmings of a forgotten past.

Nevertheless this tranquillity, after a few moments, was singularly disturbed. There was no breeze stirring, and yet the long fronds of a large fan-palm that stood near the breach in the wall began to move gently from right to left, like the arms of some graceful semaphore, and then as suddenly stopped. Almost at the same moment a white curtain, listlessly hanging from a canopied balcony of the Alcalde's house, began to exhibit a like rhythmical and regular agitation. Then everything was motionless again; an interval of perfect peace settled upon the garden. It was broken by the apparition of Brace under the balcony, and the black-veiled and flowered head of Doña Isabel from the curtain above.

"Crazy boy!"

"Señorita!"

"Hush! I am coming down!"

"You? But Doña Ursula?"

"There is no more Doña Ursula!"

"Well—your dueña, whoever she is!"

"There is no dueña!"

"What?"

"Hush up your tongue, idiot boy!" (this in English).

The little black head and the rose on top of it disappeared. Brace drew himself up against the wall and waited. The time seemed interminable. Impatiently looking up and down, he at last saw Doña Isabel at a distance quietly and unconcernedly moving among the roses, and occasionally stooping as if to pick them. In an instant he was at her side.

"Let me help you," he said.

She opened her little brownish palm: "Look!" In her hand were a few leaves of some herb.

"It is for you."

Brace seized and kissed the hand.

"Is it some love test?"

"It is for what you call a julep-cocktail," she replied, gravely. "He will remain in a glass with aguardiente; you shall drink him with a straw. My sister has said that everywhere the Americans go they expect him to arrive."

"I prefer to take him straight," said Brace, laughing, as he nibbled a limp leaf, bruised by the hand of the young girl. "He's pleasanter and, on the whole, more wildly intoxicating this way. But what about your dueña? and how comes this blessed privilege of seeing you alone?"

Doña Isabel lifted her black eyes suddenly to Brace.

"You do not comprehend, then? Is it not, then, the custom of the Americans? Is it not, then, that there is no dueña in your country?"

"There are certainly no dueñas in my country. But who has changed the custom here?"

"Is it not true that in your country any married woman shall dueña the young señorita?" continued Doña Isabel, without replying; "that any caballero and señorita shall see each other in the patio, and not under a balcony?—that they may speak with the lips, and not the fan?"

"Well—yes," said Brace.

"Then my brother has arranged it as so. He have much hear the Doña Barbara Brimmer when she make talk of these things frequently, and he is informed and impressed much. He will truly have that you will come of the corridor, and not of the garden, for me, and that I shall have no dueña but the Doña Barbara. This does not make you happy, you American idiot boy!"

It did not. The thought of carrying on a flirtation under the fastidious Boston eye of Mrs. Brimmer, instead of under the discreet and mercenarily averted orbs of Doña Ursula, did not commend itself pleasantly to Brace.

"Oh yes," he returned, quickly. "We will go into the corridor, in the fashion of my country."

"Yes," said Doña Isabel, dubiously.

"*After* we have walked in the garden in the fashion of *yours*. That's only fair, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Doña Isabel, gravely. "That's what the Comandante will call 'inter-nation-al courtesy.'"

The young man slipped his arm around the fair diplomatist's waist, and they walked on in decorous silence under the orange-trees. "It seems to me," said Brace, presently, "that Mrs. Brimmer has a good deal to say up your way?"

"Ah, yes; but what will you? It is my brother who has love for her."

"But," said Brace, stopping suddenly, "doesn't he know that she has a husband living?"

Doña Isabel lifted her lashes in child-like wonder. "Always! you idiot American boy! That is why. Ah, Mother of God!—my brother is discreet. He is not a maniac, like you, to come after a silly muchacha like me."

The response which Brace saw fit to make to this statement elicited a sharp tap upon the knuckles from Doña Isabel. "Tell to me," she said, suddenly, "is not that a custom of your country?"

"What? *That?*"

"No, insensate. To attend a married señora."

"Not openly."

"Ah, that is wrong," said Doña Isabel, meditatively, moving the point of her tiny slipper on the gravel. "Then it is the young girl that shall come in the corridor and the married lady on the balcony?"

"Well, yes."

"Good-by, ape!"

She ran swiftly down the avenue of palms to a small door at the back of the house, turned, blew a kiss over the edge of her fan to Brace, and disappeared. He hesitated a moment or two; then quickly rescaling the wall, dropped into the lane outside, followed it to the gateway of the casa, and entered the patio as Doña Isabel decorously advanced from a darkened passage to the corridor. Although the hour of siesta had passed, her sister, Miss Chubb, the Alcalde, and Mrs. Brimmer were still lounging here on sofas and hammocks.

It would have been difficult for a stranger at a first glance to discover the nationality of the ladies. Mrs. Brimmer and her friend Miss Chubb had entirely succumbed to the extreme dishabille of the Spanish toilet—not without a certain languid grace on the part of Mrs. Brimmer, whose easy custom lent itself to the stayless bodice, or a certain bashful, youthful naiveté on the part of Miss Chubb, the rounded dazzling whiteness of whose neck and shoulders half pleased and half frightened her in her low, white, plain camisa—under the lace mantilla.

"It is *such* a pleasure to see you again, Mr. Brace," said Mrs. Brimmer, languidly observing the young man through the sticks of her fan; "I was telling Don Ramon that I feared Doña Ursula had frightened you away. I told him that your experience of American society might have caused you to misinterpret the habitual reserve of the castellan," she continued, with the air of being already an alien of her own country, "and I should be only too happy to undertake the chaperoning of both these young ladies in their social relations with our friends. And how is dear Mr. Banks? and Mr. Crosby? whom I so seldom see now. I suppose, however, business has its superior attractions."

But Don Ramon, with impulsive gallantry, would not—nay, *could* not—for a moment tolerate a heresy so alarming. It was simply wildly impossible. For why? In the presence of Doña Barbara—it exists not in the heart of man!

"*You* cannot, of course, conceive it, Don Ramon," said Mrs. Brimmer, with an air of gentle suffering; "but I fear it is sadly true of the American gentlemen. They become too absorbed in their business. They forget their duty to our sex in their selfish devotion to affairs in which we are debarred from joining them, and yet they wonder that we prefer the society of men who are removed by birth, tradition, and position from this degrading kind of selfishness."

"But that was scarcely true of your own husband. *He* was not only a successful man in business, but we can see that he was equally successful in his relations to at least one of the fastidious sex," said Brace, maliciously glancing at Don Ramon.

Mrs. Brimmer received the innuendo with invulnerable simplicity. "Mr. Brimmer is, I am happy to say, *not* a business man. He entered into certain contracts having more or less of a political complexion, and carrying with them the genius but not the material results of trade. That he is not a business man—and a successful one—my position here at the present time is a sufficient proof," she said, triumphantly. "And I must also protest," she added, with a faint sigh, "against Mr. Brimmer being spoken of in the past tense by anybody. It is painfully premature and ominous."

She drew her mantilla across her shoulders with an expression of shocked sensitiveness which completed the humiliation of Brace and the subjugation of Don Ramon. But, unlike most of her sex, she was wise in the moment of victory. She cast a glance over her fan at Brace, and turned languidly to Doña Isabel. "Mr. Brace must surely want some refreshment after his long ride. Why don't you seize this opportunity to show him the garden, and let him select for himself the herbs he requires for that dreadful American drink? Miss Chubb and your sister will remain with me to receive the Comandante's secretary and the Doctor when they come."

"She's more than my match," whispered Brace to Doña Isabel as they left the corridor together. "I give in. I don't understand her; she frightens me."

"That is of your conscience. It is that you would understand the Doña Leonor—your dear Miss Keene—better. Ah! silence, imbecile! This Doña Barbara is even as thou art, a talking parrot. She will have that the Comandante's secretary, Manuel, shall marry Mees Chubb, and that the Doctor shall marry my sister. But she knows not that Mañuel—listen, so that you shall get sick at your heart, and swallow your moustachio—that Mañuel loves the beautiful Leonor, and that Leonor loves not him, but Don Diego, and that my sister loathes the little Doctor. And this Doña Barbara that makes your liver white would be a feeder of chickens with such barley as this! Ah! come along!"

The arrival of the Doctor and the Comandante's secretary created another diversion, and the pairing off of the two couples indicated by Doña Isabel for a stroll in the garden, which was now beginning to recover from the still heat of mid-day. This left Don Ramon and Mrs. Brimmer alone in the corridor; Mrs. Brimmer's indefinite languor, generally accepted as some vague aristocratic condition of mind and body, not permitting her to join them.

There was a moment of dangerous silence; the voices of the young people were growing fainter in the distance. Mrs. Brimmer's eyes, in the shadow of her fan, were becoming faintly phosphorescent. Don Ramon's melancholy face, which had grown graver in the last few moments, approached nearer to her own.

"You are unhappy, Doña Barbara. The coming of this young cavalier, your countryman, revives your anxiety for your home. You are thinking of this husband who comes not. Is it not so?"

"I am thinking," said Mrs. Brimmer, with a sudden revulsion of solid Boston middle-class propriety, shown as much in the dry New England asperity of voice that stung even through her drawling of the Castilian speech as in anything she said—"I am thinking that unless Mr. Brimmer comes soon, I and Miss Chubb shall have to abandon the hospitality of your house, Don Ramon. Without looking upon myself as a widow, or as indefinitely separated from Mr. Brimmer, the few words let fall by Mr. Brace show me what might be the feelings of my countrymen on the subject. However charming and considerate your hospitality has been—and I do not deny that it has been *most* grateful to *me*—I feel I cannot continue to accept it in those equivocal circumstances. I am speaking to a gentleman who, with the instincts and chivalrous obligations of his order, must sympathize with my own delicacy in coming to this conclusion, and who will not take advantage of my confession that I do it with pain."

She spoke with a dry alacrity and precision, so unlike her usual languor, and the suggestions of the costume and even the fan she still kept shading her faintly glowing eyes, that the man before her was more troubled by her manner than her words, which he had but imperfectly understood.

"You will leave here—this house?" he stammered.

"It is necessary," she returned.

"But you shall listen to me first," he said, hurriedly. "Hear me, Doña Barbara—I have a secret—I will to you confess."

"You must confess nothing," said Mrs. Brim-

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1568.

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mer, dropping her feet from the hammock, and sitting up primly, "I mean—nothing I may not hear."

The Alcalde cast a look upon her at once blank and imploring. "Ah, but you will hear," he said, after a pause. "There is a ship coming here. In two weeks she will arrive. None know it but myself, the Comandante, and the Padre. It is a secret of the government. She will come at night; she will depart in the morning, and no one else shall know. It has ever been that she brings no one to Todos Santos; that she takes no one from Todos Santos. That is the law. But I swear to you that she shall take you, your children, and your friend in secret to Acapulco, where you will be free. You will join your husband; you will be happy. I will remain, and I will die."

It would have been impossible for any woman but Mrs. Brimmer to have regarded the child-like earnestness and melancholy simplicity of this grown-up man without a pang. Even this superior woman experienced a sensible awkwardness as she slipped from the hammock and regained an upright position.

"Of course," she began, "your offer is exceedingly generous; and although I should not, perhaps, take a step of this kind without the sanction of Mr. Brimmer, and am not sure that he would not regard it as rash and premature, I will talk it over with Miss Chubb, for whom I am partially responsible. Nothing," she continued, with a sudden access of feeling, "would induce me, for any selfish consideration, to take any step that would imperil the future of that child, toward whom I feel as a sister." A slight suffusion glistened under her pretty brown lashes. "If anything should happen to her, I would never forgive myself; if I should be the unfortunate means of severing any ties that *she* may have formed, I could never look her in the face again. Of course I can well understand that our presence here must be onerous to you, and that you naturally look forward to any sacrifice—even that of the interests of your country, and the defiance of its laws—to relieve you from a position so embarrassing as yours has become. I only trust, however, that the ill effects you allude to as likely to occur to yourself after our departure may be exaggerated by your sensitive nature. It would be an obligation added to the many that we owe you, which Mr. Brimmer would naturally find he could not return—and that, I can safely say, he would not hear of for a single moment."

While speaking, she had unconsciously laid aside her fan, lifted her mantilla from her head with both hands, and, drawing it around her shoulders and under her lifted chin, had crossed it over her bosom with a certain prim, automatic gesture, as if it had been the starched kerchief of some remote Puritan ancestress. With her arms still unconsciously crossed, she stooped rigidly, picked up her fan with three fingers, as if it had been a prayer-book, and with a slight inclination of her bared head, with its accurately parted brown hair, passed slowly out of the corridor.

Astounded, bewildered, yet conscious of some vague wound, Don Ramon remained motionless, staring after her straight, retreating figure. Unable to follow closely either the meaning of her words or the logic of her reasoning, he nevertheless comprehended the sudden change in her manner, her voice, and the frigid resurrection of a nature he had neither known nor suspected. He looked blankly at the collapsed hammock, as if he expected to find in its depths the sinuous graces, the languid fascinations, and the soft, half-sensuous contours cast off by this vanishing figure of propriety.

In the eight months of their enforced intimacy and platonic seclusion he had learned to love this naïve, insinuating woman, whose frank simplicity seemed equal to his own, without thought of reserve, secrecy, or deceit. He had gradually been led to think of the absent husband with what he believed to be her own feelings—as of some impalpable, fleshless ancestor from whose remote presence she derived power, wealth, and importance, but to whom she owed only respect and certain obligations of honor equal to his own. He had never heard her speak of her husband with love, with sympathy, with fellowship, with regret. She had barely spoken of him at all, and then rather as an attractive factor in her own fascinations than a bar to a free indulgence in them. He was as little in her way as—his children. With what grace she had adapted herself to *his* life—she who frankly confessed she had no sympathy with her husband's! with what languid enthusiasm she had taken up the customs of his country, while deploring the habits of her own! With what goddess-like indifference she had borne this interval of waiting! And yet this woman—who had seemed the embodiment of romance—had received the announcement of his sacrifice—the only revelation he allowed himself to make of his hopeless passion—with the frigidity of a duenna. Had he wounded her in some other unknown way? Was she mortified that he had not first declared his passion? He had never dared to speak to her of love before. Perhaps she even doubted it. In his ignorance of the world he had, perhaps, committed some grave offence. He should not have let her go. He should have questioned—implored her—thrown himself at her feet. Was it too late yet?

He passed hurriedly into the formal little drawing-room, whose bizarre coloring was still darkened by the closed blinds and dropped awnings that had shut out the heat of day. She was not there. He passed the open door of her room; it was empty. At the end of the passage a faint light stole from a door opening into the garden, that was still ajar. She must have passed out that way. He opened it, and stepped out into the garden.

The sound of voices beside a ruined fountain a hundred yards away indicated the vicinity of the party; but a single glance showed him that she was not among them. So much the better—he would find her alone. Cautiously slipping beside the wall of the house, under the shadow of a creeper, he gained the long avenue without attracting attention. She was not there. Had she effectively evaded contact with the others by leaving the garden through the little gate in the wall that entered the Mission enclosure? It was partly open, as if some one had just passed through. He followed, took a few steps, and stopped abruptly. In the shadow of one of the old pear-trees a man and woman were standing. An impulse of wild jealousy seized him; he was about to leap forward, but the next moment the measured voice of the Comandante, addressing Mrs. Markham, fell upon his ear. He drew back with a sudden flush upon his face. The Comandante of Todos Santos, in grave, earnest accents, was actually repeating to Mrs. Markham the offer that he, Don Ramon, had made to Mrs. Brimmer but a moment ago!

"No one," said the Comandante, sententiously, "will know it but myself. You will leave the ship at Acapulco; you will rejoin your husband in good time; you will be happy, my child; you will forget the old man who drags out the few years of loneliness still left to him in Todos Santos."

Forgetting himself, Don Ramon leaned breathlessly forward to hear Mrs. Markham's reply. Would she answer the Comandante as Doña Barbara had answered him? Her words rose clearly in the evening air:

"You're a gentleman, Don Miguel Briones; and the least respect I can show a man of your kind is, not to pretend that I don't understand the sacrifice you're making. I shall always remember it as about the biggest compliment I ever received, and the biggest risk that any man—except one—ever ran for me. But as the man who ran that bigger risk isn't here to speak for himself, and generally trusts his wife, Susan Markham, to speak for him, it's all the same as if *he* thanked you. There's my hand, Don Miguel; shake it. Well, if you prefer it, kiss it, then. There; now let's go back to Miss Keene."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

RALEIGH AND DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA.

AMONG the most indelible of the writer's early school-day memories is one of a class of infants to whom a teacher has just propounded the question, "What are the principal products of North Carolina?" Nobody seemed to know, and the "Old North State" was beginning to sink in our estimation as having no products worthy of being remembered, when a small boy, with upraised hand and a vigorous snapping of fingers, shouted: "I know! Pitch, tar, and turpentine all begins with *a*." The levity provoked by this answer was gently rebuked, and the class was told that North Carolina produced more naval stores than any other part of the world, whereupon they drew mental pictures of men-of-war visiting that State for their supplies. They also learned that it was sometimes irreverently termed the "Tar-Heel State," that it contained a Tar River, and a town called Tarborough, and they whispered together that the "Tar Baby" of their story-books must have been a North Carolinian.

With these early teachings strongly impressed upon his mind, one member at least of the HARPER party entered North Carolina with the expectation of seeing little in the way of industries save turpentine stills and tar kilns. Then somebody casually spoke of the Durham bull of the tobacco advertisements as being a native of North Carolina, and suggested somewhat enlarged views of the resources of the State. This was about all the HARPER party knew of it as they crossed the Virginia line and found themselves within its boundaries; but before they left it they had seen such wonderful evidences of its natural resources that they were almost inclined to agree with the enthusiastic "Tar Heel" who said, in regard to his native State, "She was the fust place the good Lawd made, gentle*men*, an' He guv her the best of everything He had." Certainly from the prolific fisheries, sedgy resorts of the canvas-back duck, and vast phosphate beds of her coast regions, back through the fertile and gold-bearing Piedmont section, into her forest-clad mountains of iron and coal, the entire State is one of the most favored sections of the Continent. Besides the establishments for the production of naval stores that they expected to see, the visitors found a flourishing cotton industry, distributing its mills all over the State, and already aggregating 250,000 spindles. They found phosphate mines, gold and silver mines, and mines of iron, coal, copper, zinc, and other minerals, besides many quarries in active operation. They found woollen-mills, saw-mills, factories for working the fine native woods of the State, paper and rice mills, fertilizer factories, oil and flouring mills, car and machine shops, agricultural implement works, and a variety of other mills, factories, and works, all busily developing the resources of the State. Above all, they discovered North Carolina to be the home and principal producer of the bright golden-hued tobacco they had so greatly admired in the Danville market, and that among her many industries the manufacture of this highly prized leaf into its various commercial forms easily leads all the others in extent and importance.

Although the pleasant inland city of Raleigh, as the State capital, is the fountain-head and conservator of these rapidly growing industries, she cherishes but few of them within her own limits. The North Carolina Car Company's shops, with a capacity of ten cars per day, two clothing factories, a cotton-seed-oil mill, the works of the Pioneer Manufacturing Company, who make shuttle blocks for cotton-mills and grind phosphates, an ice factory, an iron-foundery, a shoe factory, and a few more small factories comprise her mechanical industries. A good business is done in cotton, of which Raleigh merchants handle from 50,000 to 75,000 bales every year; but the city is not a leading commercial centre. It is rather a place of homes, an educational centre, and a seat of government. Among its 15,000 inhabitants there is much of wealth and culture. The State institutions located here are models of their kind, and although Raleigh people are in fullest sympathy with the spirit of the "New South," the city is pervaded with an air of dignified quietude that offers a pleasant contrast to the hurly-burly of newer and cruder communities. It is lighted by electricity, and has contracted for water-works and an improved sewage system. It has also a street railway, recently completed. This railway was built by a man from Texas, who, after three months' work and the expenditure of but $35,000, was offered $75,000 for his franchise and plant by a local syndicate. He accepted the offer, and on the following day made them an offer in turn of $5000 to let him out of the bargain, which they refused to do.

The State Capitol, a massive building of gray granite surmounted by a dome, crowns a gentle slope at the junction of four avenues, and its southern front commands the entire length of Fayetteville Street, the principal business thoroughfare of the place. On this street is located the white marble Post-office, which cost $355,000, and is the handsomest building in North Carolina. Here are also the principal stores, hotels, newspaper offices, and the city buildings. At the farther end of this street from the Capitol is a new graded school-house, built of brick, containing all modern conveniences, and accommodating 700 scholars. Besides its public schools, in which 2000 children are taught, Raleigh contains a Presbyterian school for girls, "Peace Institute," which occupies a colonial mansion embowered in trees and surrounded by extensive grounds, an Episcopal school for girls, St. Mary's, on Hillsborough Street, an academy for boys, and several other excellent private schools. A few miles from the city, at Wake Forest, is a Baptist college; and at about the same distance from Raleigh in another direction is Chapel Hill, the seat of the University of North Carolina. Although all these institutions are for white students only, the education of the colored people at this point is not neglected. In Raleigh are located Shaw University, St. Augustine Normal School, and the Leonard Medical School, for colored students. The first and last named are under the same management, and are conducted under the auspices of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, while their support is largely derived from the individual donations of philanthropic men and women of the North. The University has industrial, normal, academic, theological and law departments; and together with the Medical School it occupies six large buildings, standing in a campus of twelve acres, and has 450 students of both sexes. Since its foundation this University has graduated over 2000 young men and young women, and several of its graduates are members of the present State Legislature. For public schools all over the State North Carolina spent $670,000 last year, while the appropriation for this year will considerably exceed this sum.

Among other interesting buildings of Raleigh is the little old frame house on Cabarrus Street in which ANDREW JOHNSON was born, and the one on Boylan Avenue which was built for Governor TRYON, the first colonial Governor of North Carolina, and was the first frame house erected in Raleigh. The new graded school building occupies the site of the old colonial mansion which was for many years the gubernatorial residence. The State is now erecting a handsome new mansion for the use of its Governors on Salisbury Street. The State Penitentiary, now nearing completion, is the finest collection of buildings devoted to penal purposes in the South. For it the Legislature has made an annual appropriation of $75,000 for the past ten years, and when it is completed it will have cost considerably over a million of dollars. Within its massive stone walls is still standing a relic of the past in the shape of a low log structure that formed part of the first penitentiary of the State. One of the three State insane asylums, of which two are for white and one is for colored patients, stands on Dix Hill, in the outskirts of Raleigh, and is a noble structure 1720 feet long by 80 wide, and three stories high. At Raleigh, in commodious buildings, are also located the institutions for the deaf, dumb, and blind, one for white and one for colored pupils, and in the Agricultural Department Building is a fine geological museum of immense value to the student of natural history. Among the monuments of the city are a copy in bronze of CANOVA's statue of WASHINGTON, which stands in front of the Capitol, one in white marble to the Confederate dead who sleep amid the shadows of Oakwood Cemetery, and one of cannon and cannon-balls surmounting a stone pedestal in the National Cemetery. The residence streets of the city, the principal of which are Salisbury, Hillsborough, Edenton, and Halifax streets, and Newberne Avenue, are arched and shaded by a magnificent growth of elms, oaks, and magnolias, while the gardens surrounding the fine old houses are filled with masses of bloom for nine months of the year. Even in midwinter they are graced with the dainty presence of the fragrant winter honeysuckle. The beautiful city exercises a subtle charm over all who enter within its limits, and it was with many backward glances of regret that the HARPER party were whirled away westward, toward Durham, Greensborough, and Charlotte.

Twenty-five miles west from Raleigh, on the North Carolina Railroad, which forms a branch of the great Richmond and Danville system, is Durham, a city of remarkable growth, to which a single industry has given a world-wide reputation. Its present prosperity began with apparent disaster, and was founded upon the occupation of the town by an invading army. During the civil war the little village of less than a hundred inhabitants contained one small tobacco factory, that of J. R. GREEN. From it comfort and cheer had gone to the ragged, half-starved soldiers of the Confederate armies all over the South, and no more welcome mementos of home love were received in their camps than the little packages of GREEN's Durham tobacco that came to them, decorated by the skilful hands of wives, sisters, or sweethearts with bits of painting or embroidery. During the last days of the war SHERMAN's victorious army halted at Durham, while negotiations for JOHNSTON's surrender were pending. The little tobacco factory fell into the hands of the Northern soldiers, and they became acquainted with the taste of Durham tobacco. After they were disbanded and had returned to their distant homes its fragrance remained as a pleasant memory which they would gladly renew, and from all parts of the country orders for Durham tobacco began to find their way to this little North Carolina village. The effect upon its fortunes was immediate and surprising; factories sprang into existence, warehouses were established, a tide of population was turned toward it; the village became a town, and it, in turn, grew to be the thriving, wide-awake city of to-day, with a population of between seven and eight thousand inhabitants, and business connections all over the world.

Mr. J. R. GREEN continued the business of his little factory alone until 1868, when W. T. BLACKWELL and J. R. DAY bought a half interest in it. During the following year Mr. GREEN died; in 1870 Mr. J. S. CARR purchased a third interest in the business; in 1878 Mr. DAY sold his interest to the other partners, and Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Company was formed, with Mr. CARR as president. It now has the largest granulated smoking-tobacco factory in the world, with a capacity for producing 10,000,000 pounds per annum, and its pay-roll is larger than that of any other establishment in North Carolina. Its trademark, the "Durham Bull," was for a long time in litigation, but finally became the sole and unquestioned property of this firm, who have used it so extensively as an advertisement that it is now one of the most familiar emblems of pictorial advertising. Next in importance to the Blackwell Company comes W. DUKE, SONS, & Co., who have also built up an immense business. Their best-known brand of tobacco is the "Duke of Durham," but their specialty is cigarettes, of which they shipped 254,133,333 last year. The enormous increase of this business is shown by a comparison of the books of this company for the same month in two consecutive years. In July, 1885, they shipped 9,000,000 cigarettes, and in July, 1886, 29,895,140, or an average for each working day of the month of 1,107,228 cigarettes. The firm of Z. J. LYON & Co. began to manufacture Durham tobacco in 1874; since then they have successfully established the reputation of their "Pride of Durham," and built up a large business. They also make tobacco boxes for the trade of the city. The R. F. Morris & Son Manufacturing Company established a tobacco factory in Durham as early as 1865, and are the only makers of snuff in the State.

A dozen other establishments of similar character to these are annually shipping immense quantities of tobacco from this point, and aiding to spread the name and fame of Durham. The Durham Cotton Manufacturing Company has a mill containing 8568 spindles and 200 looms. Its capacity is 9000 yards of cloth per day, and the bulk of this product is converted into tobacco bags. There are also located here a bobbin and shuttle mill, with a capacity of 90,000 pieces per week, for cotton, woollen, silk, jute, flax, and worsted mills, a tobacco cure company, which makes three forms of medicaments from tobacco, and a fertilizer company, which manufactures twenty tons per day of a fertilizer the basis of which is tobacco dust. Among the tobacco warehouses of Durham, that of Captain E. J. PARRISH is one of the largest in the South, and from it 8,330,000 pounds of tobacco have been sold in a single year. In the Durham warehouses one hears related many incidents illustrative of the profits of tobacco culture. Among these is one of a gentleman who recently bought a tract of land for $1700, and received for the first crop of tobacco raised on it $2000; another is of a planter who realized $638 05 from a single acre of his tobacco land; and still another is of one wagon-load of leaf tobacco that brought $900 in the Durham market. Twenty-five business men of the city, representing the bulk of its capital, have organized themselves into a club, which they call the "Commonwealth." Their object is to secure public improvements by united action; and the measures undertaken by them have already been of the greatest benefit to the city. It has to thank them for its stone-paved streets, electric lights, water-works, and public-school buildings. It has a graded school building that cost $6500 and accommodates 500 pupils, and two female seminaries. It has eleven churches, two newspapers, and all the other elements of an intelligent and progressive community. An idea may be gained of the volume of its tobacco business from the quoted figures of its internal revenue office, which show that in six years and nine months Durham manufacturers paid for stamps $37,878,212 83—a sum very suggestive of the intrinsic value of smoke.

KIRK MUNROE.

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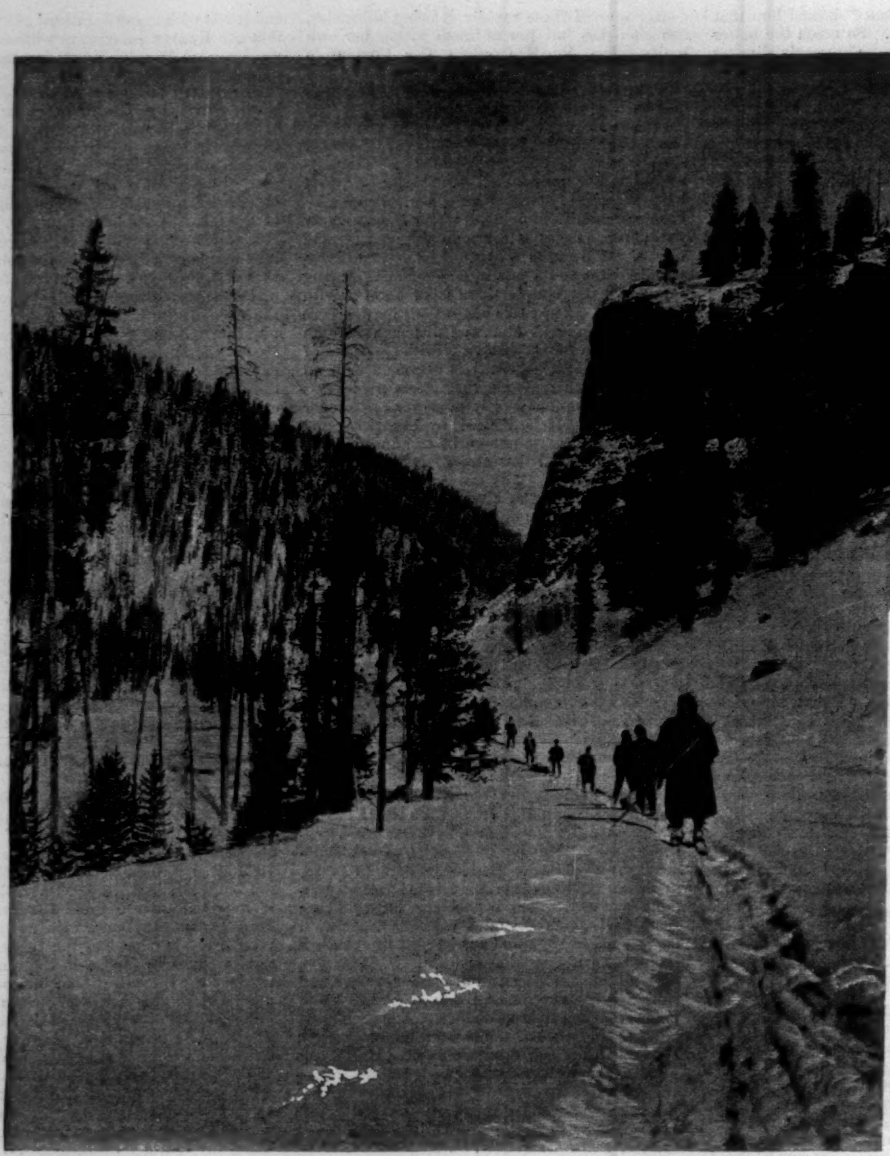
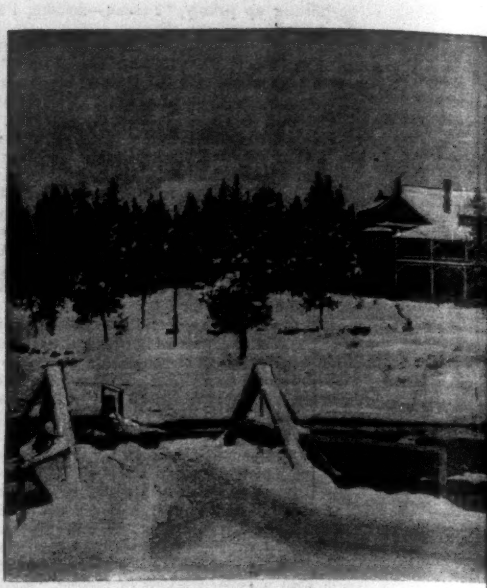
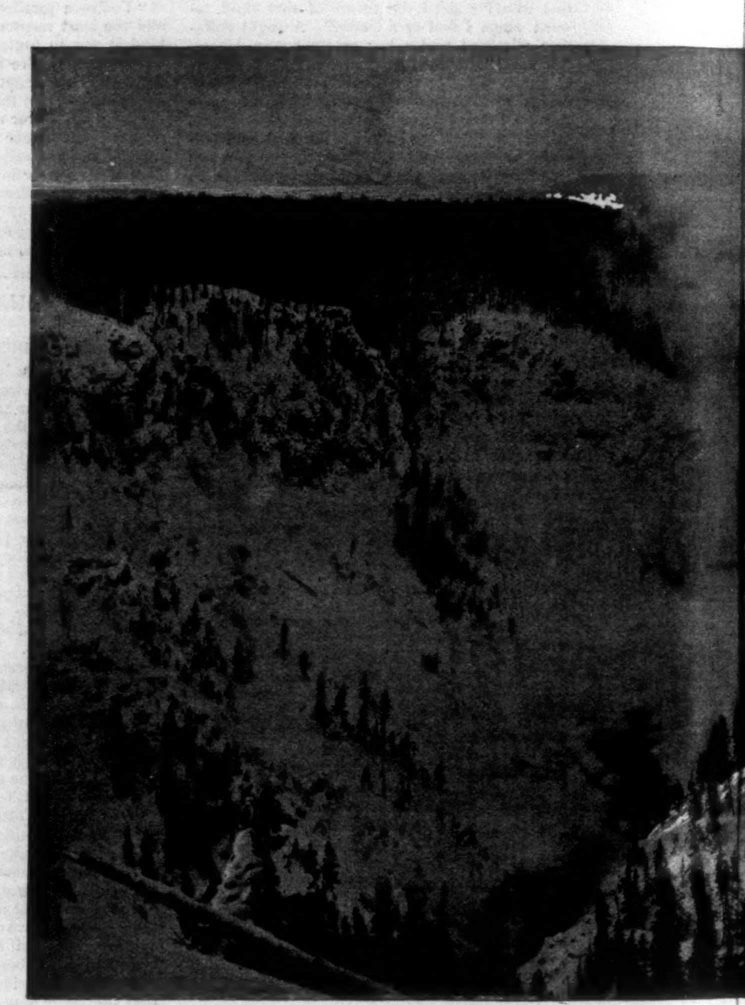
* The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1563; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571; Atlanta, Georgia, in No. 1573; Augusta, Georgia, in No. 1575; and Birmingham, Alabama, in No. 1579, of the WEEKLY. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.



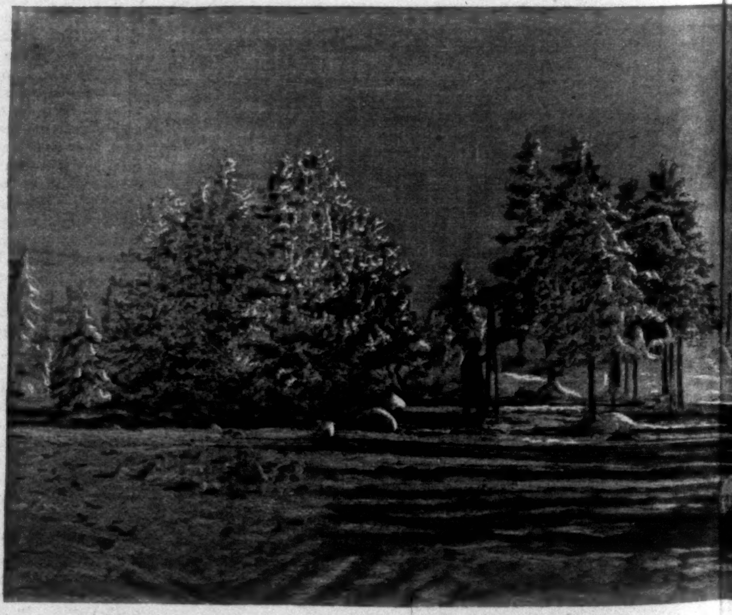
OBSIDIAN CLIFF.

CASTLE GEYSER.



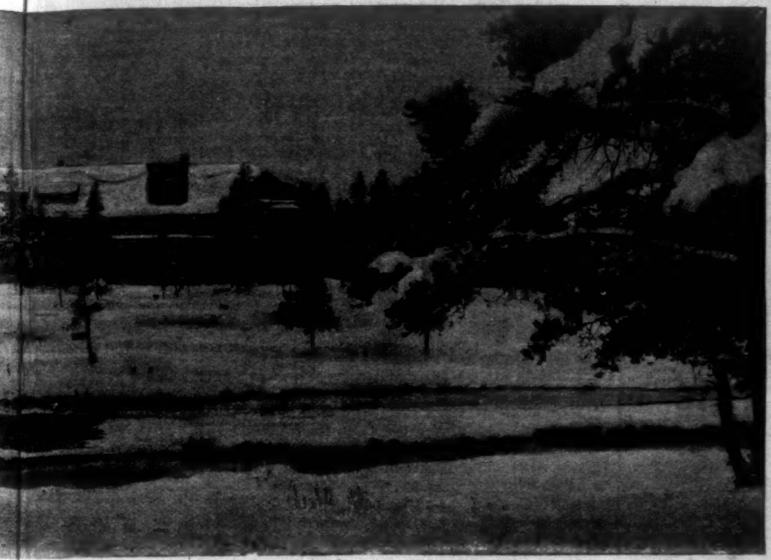


FALLS FROM POINT

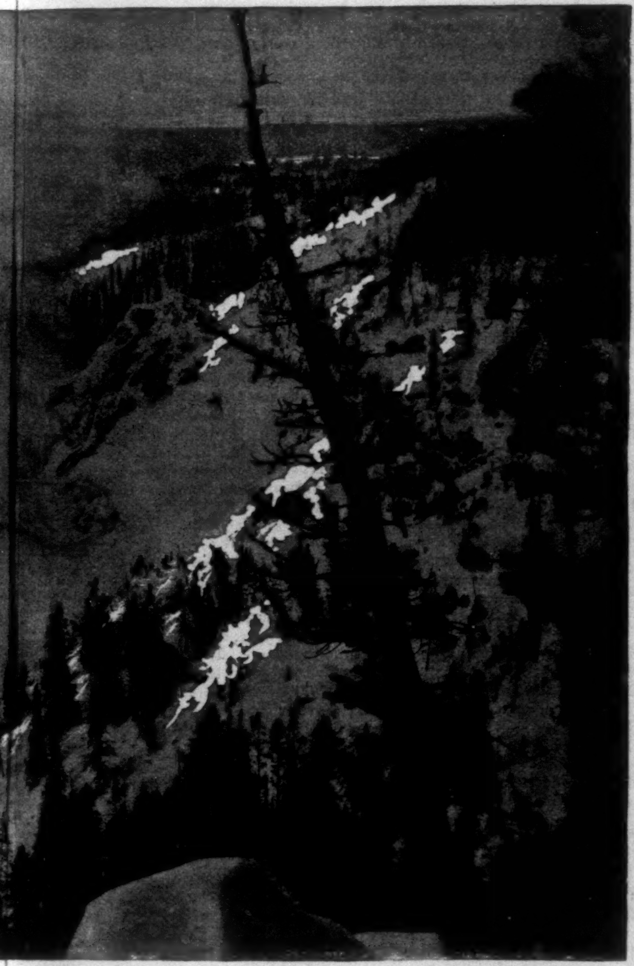


IN NORRIS BASIN.

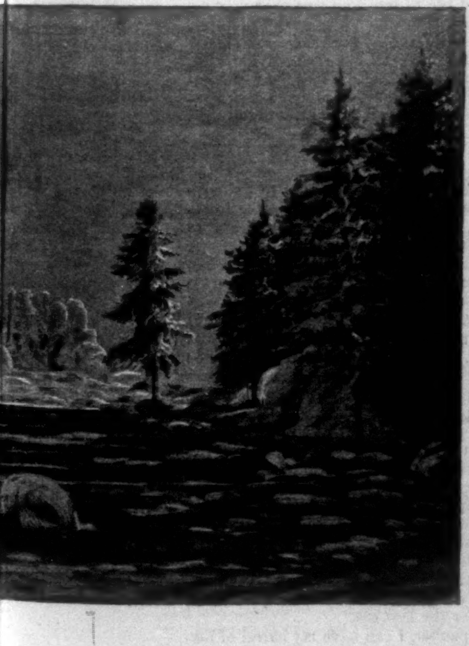
WINTER SCENES IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL

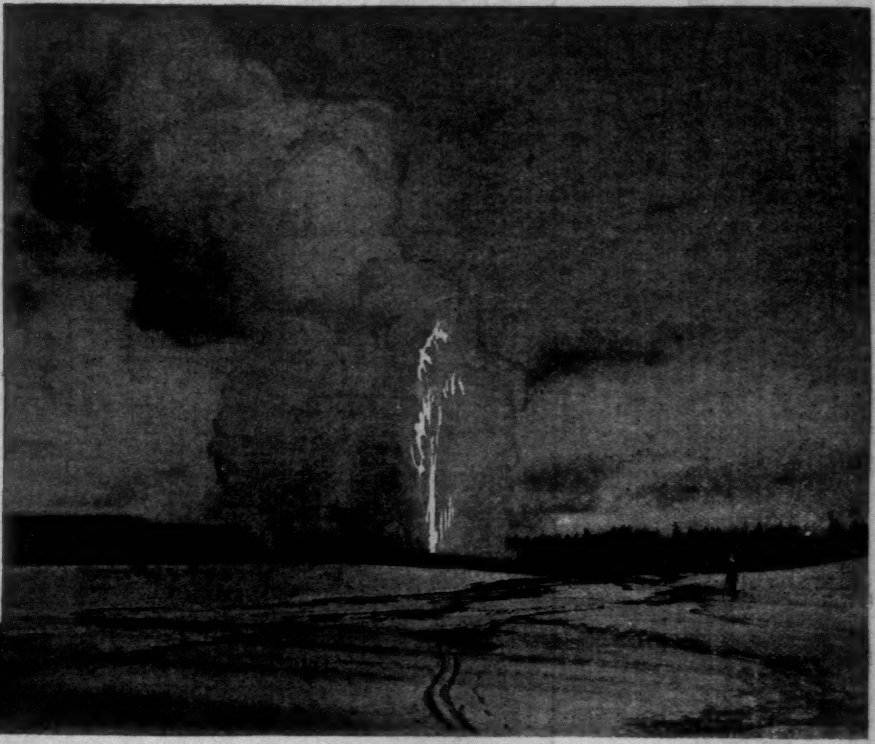


HOTEL NORRIS.



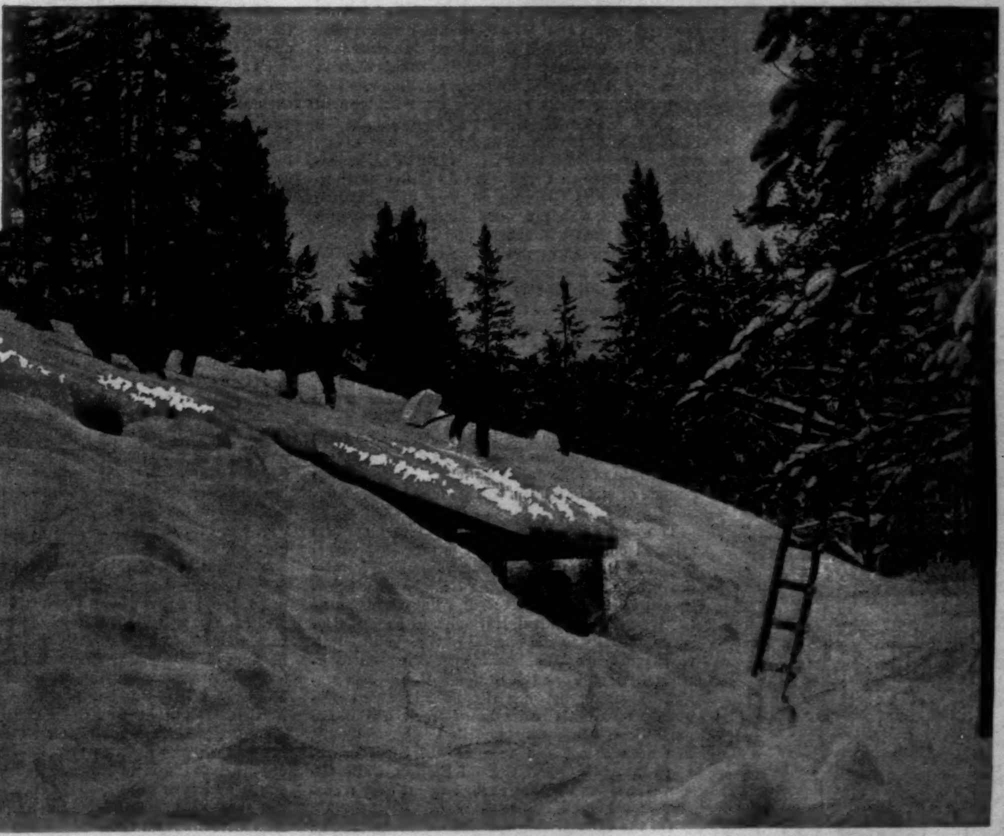
LOOKOUT.





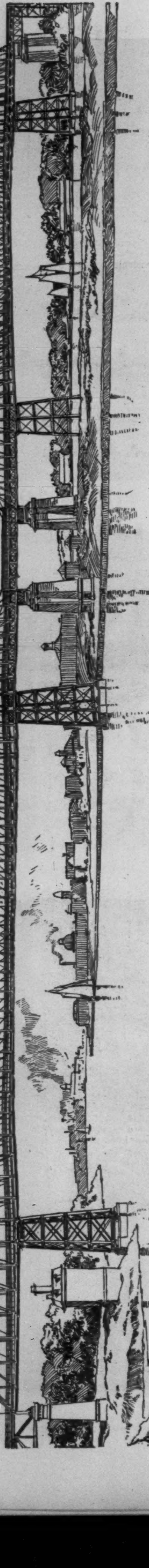
OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER GOING OFF.

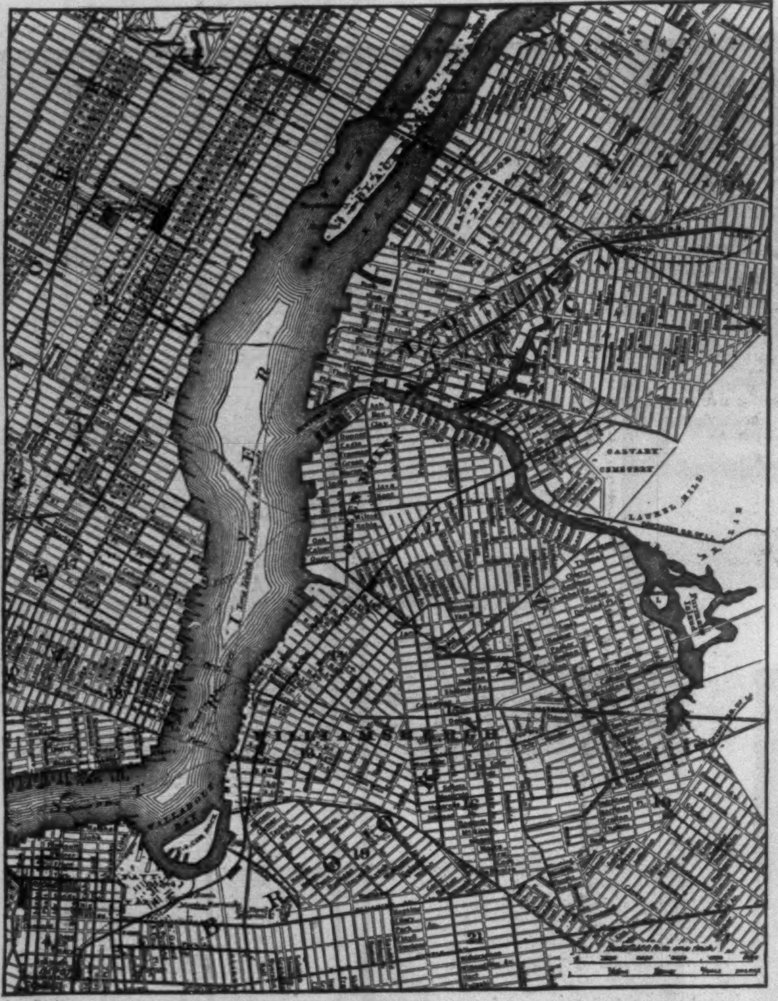
OUR ARTIST.



GREAT CAÑON HOTEL.

PARK.—From Photographs by F. J. Haynes.—[See Page 259.]





NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN CONNECTION OF THE LONG ISLAND BRIDGE.

ANOTHER EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

That there will be in the measurably near future another East River bridge, which shall have Blackwell's Island for a central pier, seems now to be pretty well assured. When it is built it will probably be according to the plans of Dr. **Thomas Rainey**, of this city, who has been for years engaged in the study and promotion of this scheme. Dr. **Rainey**'s plans are at present well advanced, and an idea of their character may be had from the outline drawing of the bridge given in the preceding column. All the legislation necessary for their execution has been secured, the consent of Congress having been obtained at its last session, and Dr. **Rainey**'s recent negotiations for capital have been so successful that there is now much reason to hope that the bridge will be built.

The great idea of such a bridge is the establishment of a rapid and adequate steam connection between Long Island and the mainland and through the metropolis. It looks to the building up of a great district north and east of Brooklyn, with cheap and yet substantial, comfortable, and roomy homes, and proposes to transport people from the Grand Central Station to this district for a small fare, and in twenty minutes. The new dwelling district into which the bridge will lead is defined by Dr. **Rainey** as beginning at the Navy-yard, and running northward seven miles, and eastward from the East River five miles, embracing Newtown Creek, with its outlet at Hunter's Point, and covering an area of thirty-five square miles, which is "ample room for over two millions of thrifty industrial population."

An illustration of the bridge contemplated in Dr. **Rainey**'s plans is given herewith. The design of the bridge is the work of Mr. C. C. **Schneider**, who was the architect of the cantilever bridge at Niagara. The structure, which will be known as the Long Island Bridge, will be 3¼ miles in length, and 153 feet in height—a height sufficient to assure the free passage of shipping. Two railroad tracks will cross it, and it will be strong enough to support a live load of 3000 pounds to the lineal foot. It will be built with a view to 90-ton locomotives drawing trains at the rate of forty miles an hour. Fifty million pounds of steel and iron will go into its construction.

The accompanying map will make clear the railroad connections which it is proposed to establish. Dr. **Rainey**'s plans contemplate joining the bridge railroad with the Grand Central Station at Forty-second Street, and the extension of the New York Central, Harlem, and New Haven roads not only to the termini of the existing railroads on Long Island, but into the heart of Brooklyn. In New York the bridge will end in a station extending between Second and Third avenues. From this one arm of track will curve northward, meeting the Fourth Avenue tunnel at Eightieth Street, and another will curve southward into the Grand Central Station, while the elevated roads will be reached by an easy transfer.

On the eastern side the plans contemplate, as said, a direct connection with the entire system of existing Long Island roads, and also, as the map sets forth very clearly, a new railroad running not far from the river front, and terminating in the most thickly built part of Brooklyn. The Long Island approach of the bridge will extend nearly two miles from the river, and will have two stations. The railroad into Brooklyn will leave the bridge about one mile from the river front. With such a bridge, furnishing such speedy and powerful means of transit, and affording railroad connections so comprehensive, Long Island would indeed feel that she was tied to the continent at last.

PAUL TULANE.

Paul Tulane was of French descent. His parents emigrated from Tours during the troublous times of the last decade of the eighteenth century. They settled, with others, notably a Belgian exile named **Mallon**, whose property they afterward inherited, near Princeton, New Jersey, taking up a considerable tract of land themselves. Here **Paul** was born in the month of May, 1801. He had four brothers, all of whom died before him. Having never married, his only surviving relatives are nephews and nieces and their descendants. Two of these are in New York, another in Kansas, others in Alabama.

Paul received only a common education. He partook of the spirit of his father, who in his early days traded with San Domingo. At fifteen years of age he entered a store in Princeton as a clerk. But very soon his ambition and enterprise led him abroad. With a cousin he travelled West, and then South as far as New Orleans, all the way on horseback, returning by the same method of travel. They looked at sites, and traded as they went.

Convinced that New Orleans was the best for him of all the places he had seen, **Paul** soon returned and established himself there. He was now only twenty-one. At first the business conducted consisted in dry-goods, clothing, and harness; subsequently it was restricted to clothing. A firm was formed by him in New Orleans under the style of **Paul Tulane** & Co., and a few years later one in New York designated as **Tulane, Baldwin**, & Co. The latter house did a manufacturing business, supplying merchants in various parts of the country, but especially the New Orleans store. A retail trade was carried on in both places. At Plainfield, New Jersey, they established hat, boot and shoe, and harness factories, and laid the foundations of that now thriving city.

The first half of this century was not characterized by the competition and stimulus to enterprise and energy which mark this latter half. Mr. **Tulane** was greatly indebted to the former fact, and possessing naturally the latter qualities, he soon established, particularly in New Orleans, a highly prosperous business, covering the whole Mississippi Valley and the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. His profits in some instances were enormous. Stories are told—and as he told them himself we take them to be true—of his having obtained as high as six hundred per cent. advance, and even higher, over first cost. No wonder that at a subsequent period his income in New Orleans from rents alone was over $75,000 a year! Mr. **Tulane** was not strictly a speculator. He invested in nothing hazardous. He was very industrious, sleeping less than six hours, then driving—a man of integrity, winning confidence, keen at a bargain, shrewd, and far-seeing. So he not only made money fast, but seldom incurred a loss. His surplus accumulations he carefully invested in real estate, and stocks and bonds, and mortgages, both North and South. During the war much of his Southern property depreciated somewhat in value. Some of it he sold at what was to him a temporary loss. But he reinvested the same with such increasing gains that he was soon made whole as before. The remainder came up again, yielding high profits.

He alternated residence between New Orleans and New York and Princeton, spending his winters in the former place and his summers in the latter. The North, however, he called his home. Here he always farmed. For many years he retained the old homestead, with all its historic associations. When, in 1860, he sold this country place, he purchased in the borough of Princeton the residence, for himself, of **John P. Stockton**, who was about to leave the country to reside at Rome as United States Minister. This was a part of the celebrated Morven, and embraced thirty-four acres of land. Here he continued to the close of life, gratifying a taste for raising large crops and fine stock. Ever since 1858, when he retired from mercantile life, he has had abundant leisure for this purpose.

Mr. **Tulane** was a Democrat, and took deep interest in the party. He had a "barrel," and drew from it for the politicians with unstinted hands. It has been stated that not merely hundreds but even thousands of dollars a year have been expended by him in this way, especially at crises when he thought men and measures which he favored were at stake. The benevolence of Mr. **Tulane** was unbounded. He craved, but still he gave. Sometimes he was hard on mortgageors, and repellent of alms-seekers. He always wanted his own with usury and on time, and chose to give without being asked. Still his charities, private and public, at the South and in Princeton and its vicinity, to white and colored, to women and children, to his relatives and near neighbors and strangers, were very great. Fuel, meat, physicians, drugs, help to pay pew rents, taxes, and house rent and education, were always to be obtained from him by the poor. He helped many a minister. For this class he had a special fondness and sympathy. He gave liberally for the support of churches of all denominations, Catholic and Protestant alike. At one time he supported three mission churches, one near Princeton, another on Neshanic Mountain, and the other in Michigan. To the First Presbyterian Church, Princeton, where he attended divine worship, besides his regular annual payments, he must have given, first and last, for special purposes, at least $30,000.

His most princely gift, made during his lifetime, has been to a Board of Trustees in New Orleans for the founding of a university to be called after his own name. He has given for this object between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000. He lived to see the institution in successful operation. As organized it embraces, besides the Academic department, a Scientific and Technical School, and the professional ones of Law and Medicine. It is well furnished with apparatus, books, and a museum. There were, the past year, forty instructors and over five hundred students. Liberal provision has been made for citizens by free lectures and reading-room, and for classes in the arts, both men and women; also for conferring prizes—in these respects a counterpart of Cooper Institute. For all this he deserves local and sectional and even national remembrance. The total amount of Mr. **Tulane**'s gifts during his lifetime cannot fall short of $3,000,000. What remained to him at his death is at present conjecture, but probably he is still a millionaire. No will was found or heard of. He had intended one and begun it within two years, but for occasion adjourned it, and seems never to have renewed the task.

Mr. **Tulane** was of a hardy constitution. Though sick, and weakened by long confinement and the weight of eighty-six years, he did not expect to die. "I shall get up again," he said. In the extremity of death he conducted business and talked of works to be executed by him yet. He led a secluded life of late, and was ever very eccentric. Many are the tales, laughable and queer, told of him. "Give me my pocket-book." These were his last words; then he closed his eyes, opening them no more. This was Sunday evening, March 27. He was buried from the First Presbyterian Church, April 1, the Friday following.

HERRINGS.

Early in April the herrings begin to swim up the streams which have their source in the fresh-water ponds, to spawn. When they begin to "run," *i. e.*, are numerous, the weir is opened. A "herring committee" has previously been appointed at the town meeting, and the right to the weir has been sold to the highest bidder, at auction, at the same time. The one who has bought the weir has the exclusive right to fish there and sell herrings. The town in which the weir is situated holds the herrings caught, unless it was originally a part of another town, in which case it is usually provided that the amount which the weir brought at auction shall be divided equally between the towns. If this is so, a citizen of the older town has a citizen's right to a barrel at the fixed rate. An ordinary weir sells for about $800 or $900. Some few herrings are caught and sold before the weir is opened. These are caught by seining in the lower bays, and is "contrary to law." But these first herrings bring large prices. For the honor of eating the first herring caught some will pay high prices, occasionally as much as $5 each for the first *one*.

"If I'm a pauper, I can have my barrel of herrings anyhow," is an expression. On the opening of the weir the pilgrimage commences, and some arrive as early as 3 A.M. The first to arrive and sign his name or mark has the first barrel; except in case it is a widow or her representative, each succeeding one takes his barrel in turn. But a widow has precedence over all, and each widow "has a barrel from the town." Each one has a right to a barrel, for which she pays a price fixed by the town—usually from sixty cents to seventy cents; this year sixty-four cents. Fresh herrings, when they first begin to "run," bring forty cents a dozen when retailed through the villages. Those who have a barrel usually salt them down, and after being salted a dozen are put on a stick, the stick being thrust through the eyes of the fish, and hung on the barn or side of the house. This is a familiar sight in villages near herring streams. They remain hung on the side of the buildings, taken off the stick as wanted; usually some remain till the next spring, when fresh herrings have come again, and the weir is again open. A man just married, who has secured his barrel of herrings, is considered well started on the path of life. They sell, when salted, for $1 25 for 100 herrings. A barrel is supposed to hold 400 fish. They are a very bony fish, and the most approved way to eat them is to eat bones and all, it being next to impossible to remove the finer bones. From 250 to 300 barrels is considered a good catch at the weir. Sometimes they continue catching till midnight. Every other day and Sundays the herrings are permitted to run unmolested, a sluiceway being made for them to run around the falls, so that they can reach the fresh ponds to spawn. The weir is usually at a mill or fall, or just below, where the river is narrow, and the fresh stream reaches the salt-water. On "good running days" the fish are so thick that it is only necessary to dip them out; sometimes they crowd each other over on to the shore. The box is filled, and they are put in barrels and claimed, all except widows paying at the weir. The widow has a permit from the Town Clerk, and the people at the weir charge the town for each widow's barrel. They are counted into the barrel. The local name for them is "Cape Cod turkeys."

The first run of the herrings at the weir is small in comparison to the later ones. They at first are sold by the dozen, equally divided between the number of applicants. "Herring peddlers" take them and peddle them through the adjoining towns, the citizens of which have no citizens' right to a barrel at the price fixed by the town. During May the herrings have their heaviest "run." Thousands of barrels are sold to the other towns. The run lasts until June usually. After a certain date in June the weir is no longer private property, but by that time the barns are covered with the salted or "slit herrings." The right to a barrel is used as legal tender, and a man will say, "I'll give you my barrel of herrings for" so-and-so. A family which did not get its barrel would be considered "queer." Some make it a custom to salt herrings. Taking a barrel for a widow, they salt and "stick" the 400 fish, and return 200 to the widow, that being considered a good supply for one. Some families consume four or five barrels from one "catch" till the next spring's catch. The fish supply the place of meat to many families through the winter.

THE REV. DR. RAY PALMER.

The Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, who died at his home in Newark, New Jersey, on March 28, was a writer of famous hymns. He was born at Little Compton, Rhode Island, on November 12, 1808. His studies preparatory to his entry into college were pursued at Phillips Academy, where Oliver Wendell Holmes was in attendance at the same time. Mr. Palmer entered Yale College, and was graduated from there in 1830. About the time of his graduation, and when he was twenty-two years of age, he wrote what is probably the most famous of his hymns—the one beginning, "My faith looks up to Thee." This hymn has been rendered in many languages, and is familiar throughout the Christian world. The tune of "Olivet," to which it is generally sung, was composed by Dr. Lowell Mason. Dr. Palmer first became a pastor in 1835, when he was put in charge of a Congregational church in Bath, Maine. He preached there for fifteen years, and for another fifteen years he preached in Albany. He had lived in Newark for sixteen years. Dr. Palmer married, in 1832, the daughter of Marmaduke Ward, of this city, and the couple lived together for fifty-three years, the death of Mrs. Palmer occurring two years ago. Dr. Palmer was the author of a number of volumes of both poetry and prose. His death was caused by apoplexy.

WINTER IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

We are all sufficiently familiar with the change wrought by the hand of winter on the landscape of the centres of civilization. No matter how familiar the scene in summer, if we see it for the first time in its winter garb it is as the face of a strange land. So thought our photographer. Summer views of the Yellowstone Park were common enough, but its winter aspect was unknown to the general public. The field was new, and come what might, he determined to conquer it if it was within human endurance.

He and his party started last January with a four-mule team loaded with supplies, the men on Norwegian snow-shoes—long narrow strips of light wood turned up at the toes. But the snows of six to ten thousand feet above the sea-level soon brought this vehicle to a stand. The contingency had been foreseen. The team turned back, while the party proceeded with toboggans provided beforehand in anticipation of such an event. The view of the Obsidian Cliff shows the party *en route.* But this soft snow, from seven to ten feet deep on the level, to say nothing of drifts, proved too much even for this method of transportation. A day's most cruel exertion won an advance of but two or three miles.

Then tents, toboggans, and every other article which could be spared was cached. No longer was comfort or convenience to be thought of. The minimum which would sustain life was now the question, and with that on back our photographer left the party, taking with him but four of the most able-bodied and experienced to brave with him the perils of the almost arctic winter, with nothing like an arctic outfit to meet it.

One day was spent at Norris viewing the Geyser Basin. Every tree was gemmed with the frozen vapor of the geysers, the steam of which arising from their numerous vents presenting the aspect of a manufacturing town in fairy-land. It was beautiful beyond description.

The next day brought them to the Fire Hole, and the next to the Upper Geyser Basin. Here for five continuous days a snow-storm raged with such violence that no animate being could face it and live. But on the sixth the sun rose clear, the mercury marking thirty-seven degrees below zero. Here, perhaps as a reward of his perseverance, and to atone in a measure for his sufferings in the cause, our artist saw what tourist had never seen before. In one and the same forenoon "Old Faithful" shot its column of boiling water and steam, six feet in diameter, 130 feet up into the winter air; the "Beehive" did its 219 feet; the "Giantess" threw out a mass of mingled steam and water eighteen by twenty-five feet thick and 60 feet high, through which smaller streams were ejected, to the height of 250 feet; the "Grand" partook of the general activity, developing a tapering column, six feet in diameter at the base, and from 175 to 200 feet above its crater; and the "Castle" did its part to complete the magnificent spectacle.

Here we see our artist, snow-shoes on back, standing on the ice into which the breath of the geysers and the bitter cold had converted the new-fallen snow, endeavoring to place upon paper the stirring scene spread before him. The conditions are as unfavorable to the exercise of artistic skill as conditions well can be, but he will persevere either until he succeeds, or until he has but enough of life left to enable him to drag himself back to shelter. Then he will fire up and return to his work, and so on, again and again, until success at last crowns his efforts. The adventurous party found shelter in this neighborhood in a hotel in charge of a winter guard. He who inspects the illustration, which faithfully portrays the scene, will hardly question the fact that the snow-storms of that region are quite on a par with its other natural curiosities.

Quite severe earthquake shocks were reported to have occurred here during the winter—shocks sufficiently severe to move a bed occupied by two persons eighteen inches away from the wall.

In half a gale of wind and amid falling snow the party began their return to Norris. In vain the inauspicious weather was urged as a reason why they should still remain. But time pressed, and it was enough that the wind was at their backs and could be endured. Duty called, and go they would. When at noon they reached Cañon Creek the wind had risen to a lively gale. Trees were falling in all directions, and at each crash the party had reason to congratulate themselves on a narrow escape.

At Gibbon Cañon they estimated over one hundred trees had been blown across their path. These, the huge drifts of snow, and the possibility, nay, probability, of an avalanche, made them hasten on with such speed as their tired limbs could command.

Suddenly a roar like thunder rose above the shriek of the gale. The dreaded avalanche was upon them. From the summit of the mountain almost to its base in the cañon the snow peeled from the steep slope, and rushed downward into the valley, bearing with it in its headlong rush the wreck of the mountain-side. In a moment trees, rocks, ice, and snow were piled in one mingled mass high on the floor of the cañon. It was a close shave; but one hundred feet nearer, and not a man would have survived to tell the tale.

But there was no time to stop with bated breath and give thanks for their deliverance. The avalanche had choked the stream, and the waters were fast rising. They must win the other side, and that at once, for the shallow ford above would be obliterated long before they could possibly reach it, and across the stream lay their only path to safety. To traverse the many miles that must yet be passed before they could halt, with their clothes a mass of ice, was impossible. Yet to strip in that pitiless blast and ford the stream naked seemed barely preferable. No change of clothes formed part of their scanty outfit. It was a cruel alternative, but one or the other course must be taken, and that without delay. Fortunately the dam forward of the wreck of the avalanche had killed the current of the stream. In a moment they were stripped, and each bearing his clothes high above the water, they forced their way through the half-frozen stream, waist deep, to the farther side. More dead than alive, they sought the nearest shelter from the piercing wind, and drying themselves as best they could, and rubbing their half-frozen limbs well with whiskey to restore their almost stagnant circulation, they dressed and were off.

The storm continued with unabated fury. Night drew on. The clouds of steam from the hot springs mingled with the flying snow made it almost impossible to keep the trail. One man sank to his waist in a hot spring, and was pulled out very much demoralized. It was not till 10.30 P.M. that they at last reached their destination. Never, we may be sure, were fire, food, and shelter more welcome.

By this time the average man would have had about as much as he cared for of this sort of thing, and the settlements would have been his next objective. But not so with our party. The programme had not as yet been carried out in its entirety, and not until it had been completed in its entirety, or until everything humanly possible to complete it had been done, could a retreat be thought of.

Their trip to the Grand Cañon Hotel proved comparatively an easy one, and good views of the falls and cañon were obtained. They found an ice bridge at the foot of the Grand Falls from 75 to 100 feet thick, while the north half of the falls was covered with huge icicles 200 feet or more long. Though the beautiful colors which variegate the sides of the cañon in summer-time were obscured by snow, and hence invisible, still they found the scene in its winter garb had a charm of its own but little if any less striking.

From the Grand Cañon to the Hot Springs was next in order. Deceived by the prospect of a clear day, with but two biscuits each in their pockets, they decided upon a short-cut of twenty miles over the mountains to Yancey's. It was a pretty tough pull, but then it could be done in one day, while any other route involved at least two days' time and the transportation of blankets and provisions. They were again to prove the truth of the old adage that "the longest way round is the shortest way home."

Though the deep snow covered the blazes on the trees which in summer marked the trail, this gave them no uneasiness. They knew the landmarks, and set out without hesitation. About ten o'clock it began to cloud up; at noon light snow was falling, but not enough to cause uneasiness. Tired by the constant uphill work, and expecting surely to reach Yancey's by nightfall, they halted and ate their frugal lunch. Shortly after noon the clouds began to thicken, the wind to rise, and a "blizzard" was imminent. They had no trail to follow, and the driving storms soon shut out all view of the surrounding landscape. Night came, and they were they knew not where. Fortunately they were still below the timber line; and digging a well in the snow, they built a fire in its centre. Thus they passed the night, somewhat sheltered from the unabated storm, without food, blankets, or water, their sole occupation being to keep one another from sleeping, lest the fire should go out, and they freeze to death.

The morning came at last, but bringing with it no diminution of the storm. If anything, it was even worse than the day before. In the hope of reaching some part of the mountain which they could recognize, they travelled on. The apparently increasing weight of their packs advised them that their strength and vitality was on the wane, yet still they persevered.

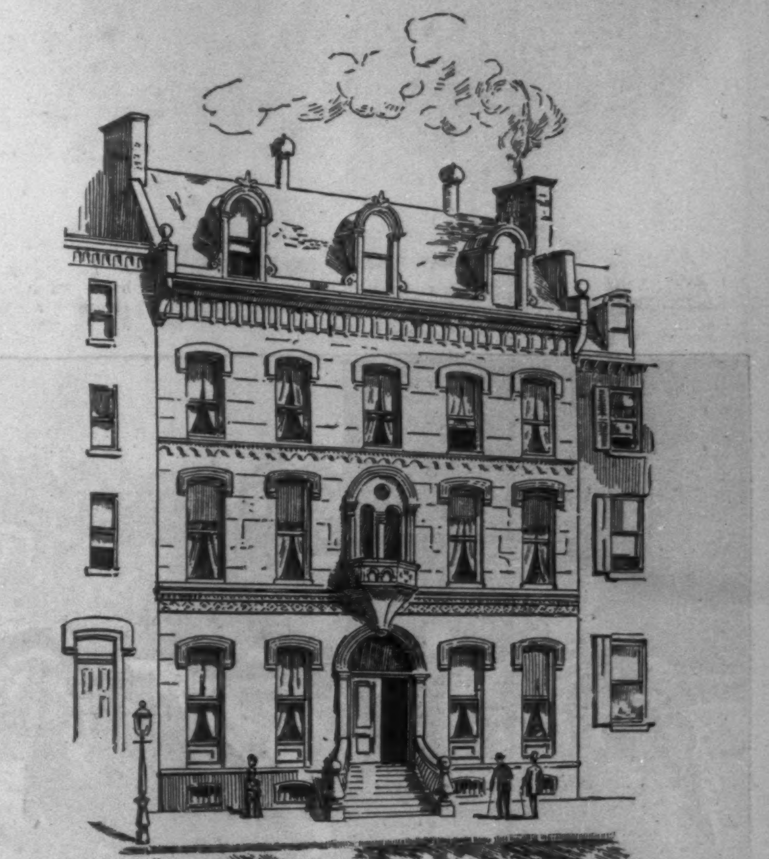
Night came at last. They had left the timber, and were on the bleak side of Mount Washburn. To camp without fire would be death. It was suggested that they cache their packs, and thus lightened still push ahead. But the thought of abandoning the fruits of so much time, expense, and hardship was one that even in their present desparate straits they could not entertain. That night they travelled constantly, not in any particular direction, but chiefly to keep warm and to avoid the certain result of inactivity.

Toward the morning the clouds broke away and the wind fell. Daylight came with a clear sky, enabling them speedily to discover where they were. After two days' travel they were hardly two miles from where they had last eaten.

Late that afternoon, in a condition which may be more easily imagined than described, they made Yancey's. It was when passing over a knoll of the mountain on this last day that they chanced suddenly upon a band of elk, to the common surprise of all concerned in the meeting.

Such is the history of the winter views of Yellowstone Park which we present this week.

Henry P. Wells.

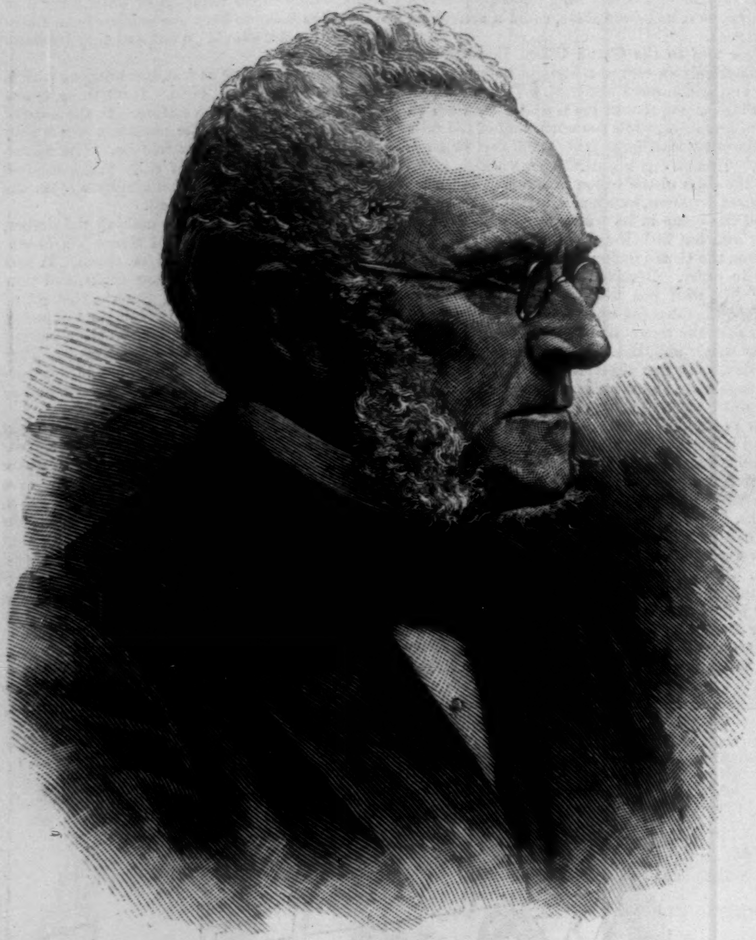


THE NEW HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

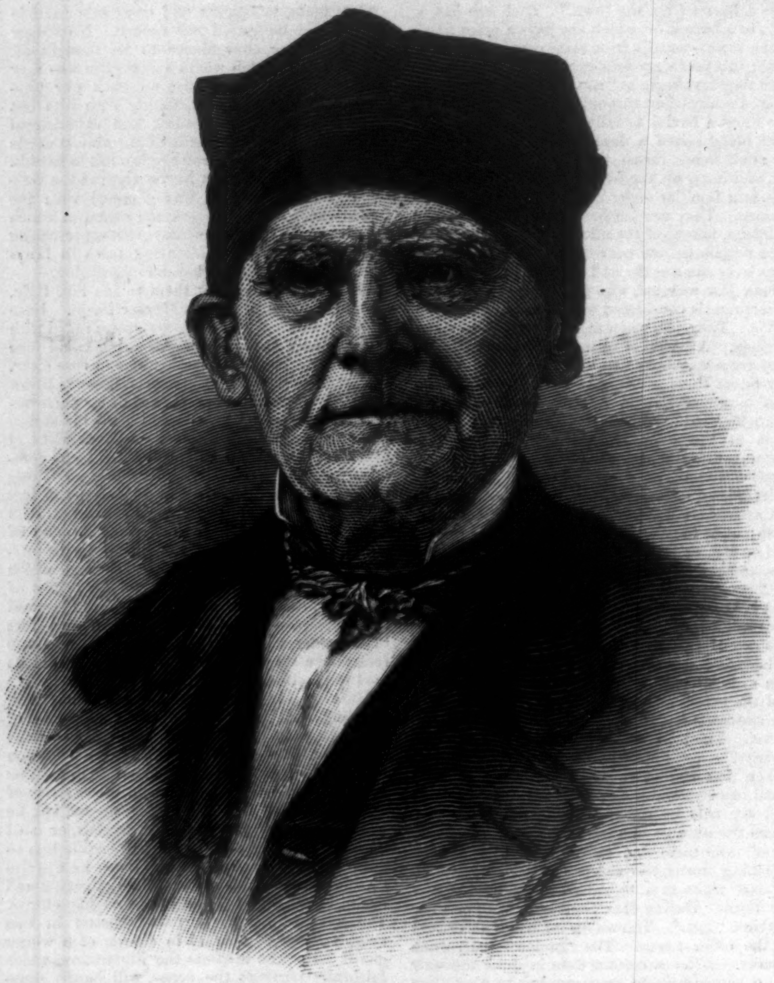
The new head-quarters of the Knights of Labor are at 814 North Broad Street, Philadelphia. The building at this number was bought by the Knights nearly two months ago, and they have occupied it for upward of a month. It was formerly the residence of Matthew Baird, a rich Philadelphia merchant, who built it and furnished it luxuriously. Upon his death, three or four years ago, it was offered for sale, but for some reason it found no purchaser until it passed to the ownership of the Knights of Labor. It is a handsome house, with a front of brown stone facing upon Broad Street. It is forty feet wide and four stories high, and extends back to Carlisle Street. Its rear part contains stables and housing for grooms and coachmen. An open yard intervenes between the main part and the rear, but does not wholly separate them, the building surrounding it on all sides.

The Knights paid $45,000 for this property, which was $5000 less than the committee of purchase were warranted in paying by the instructions of the Executive Board. It is generally considered that they made a good bargain. The house is in a region of dwelling-houses, and is surrounded by the homes of the well-to-do. Considerable of the rich decoration with which the house was originally fitted still remains in it, and surrounds the officers of the orginization and their clerks as they pursue their work. The walls and ceilings are heavily moulded and covered with frescoes and gilt. The parlors are almost lined with mirrors of French plate, and the chandelier in the room of the General Executive Board is said to have cost Mr. Baird a good many hundred dollars. These splendid surroundings offend a great many of the Knights who have occasion to visit the head-quarters of the order, and they are not backward in expressing the opinion that the fittings of the offices should be in plainer taste. When the house was bought, one of the upper rooms was upholstered after the fashion of a French boudoir, but the strictures of visiting Knights upon this form of luxury were so emphatic that the upholstery was stripped from the walls, which are now quite bare.

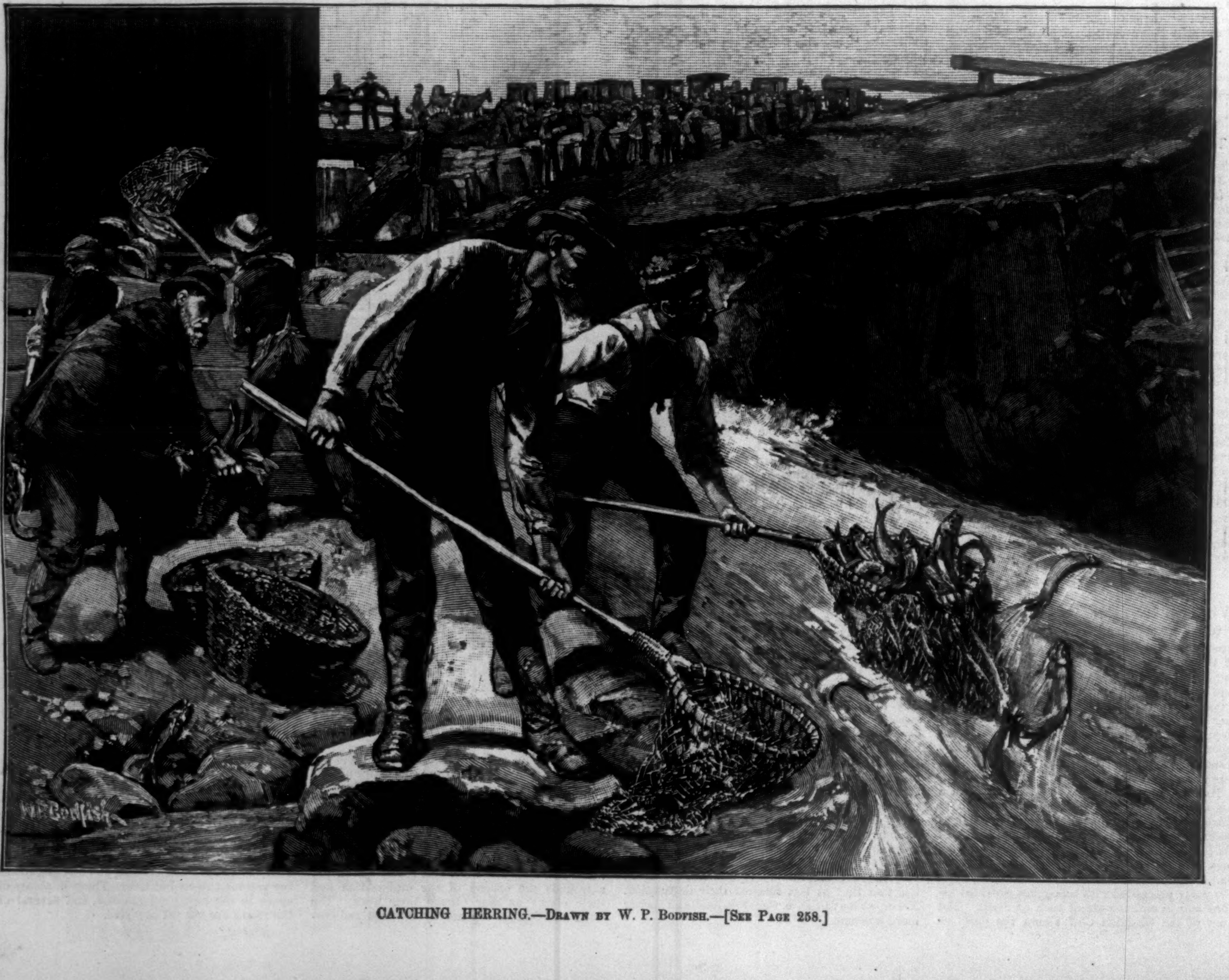
There were two parlors in the Baird house; one of these is now used for a reception-room, and the other is occupied by some thirty busy clerks. The dining-room is the office of the General Executive Board, consisting of T. V. Powderly, chairman, T. B. Maguire, Ira Aylesworth, William H. Bailey, John W. Hays, and Thomas Barry. The stable is to be turned into a printing-office; it is now being furnished with a stone foundation, which is to support a powerful press. The upper floors contain the offices of the Secretary of the order, Charles H. Litchman, and the Treasurer, Frederick Turner, and meeting rooms for various sub-committees. There is plenty of space in the new head-quarters, and several of the rooms are not yet occupied.



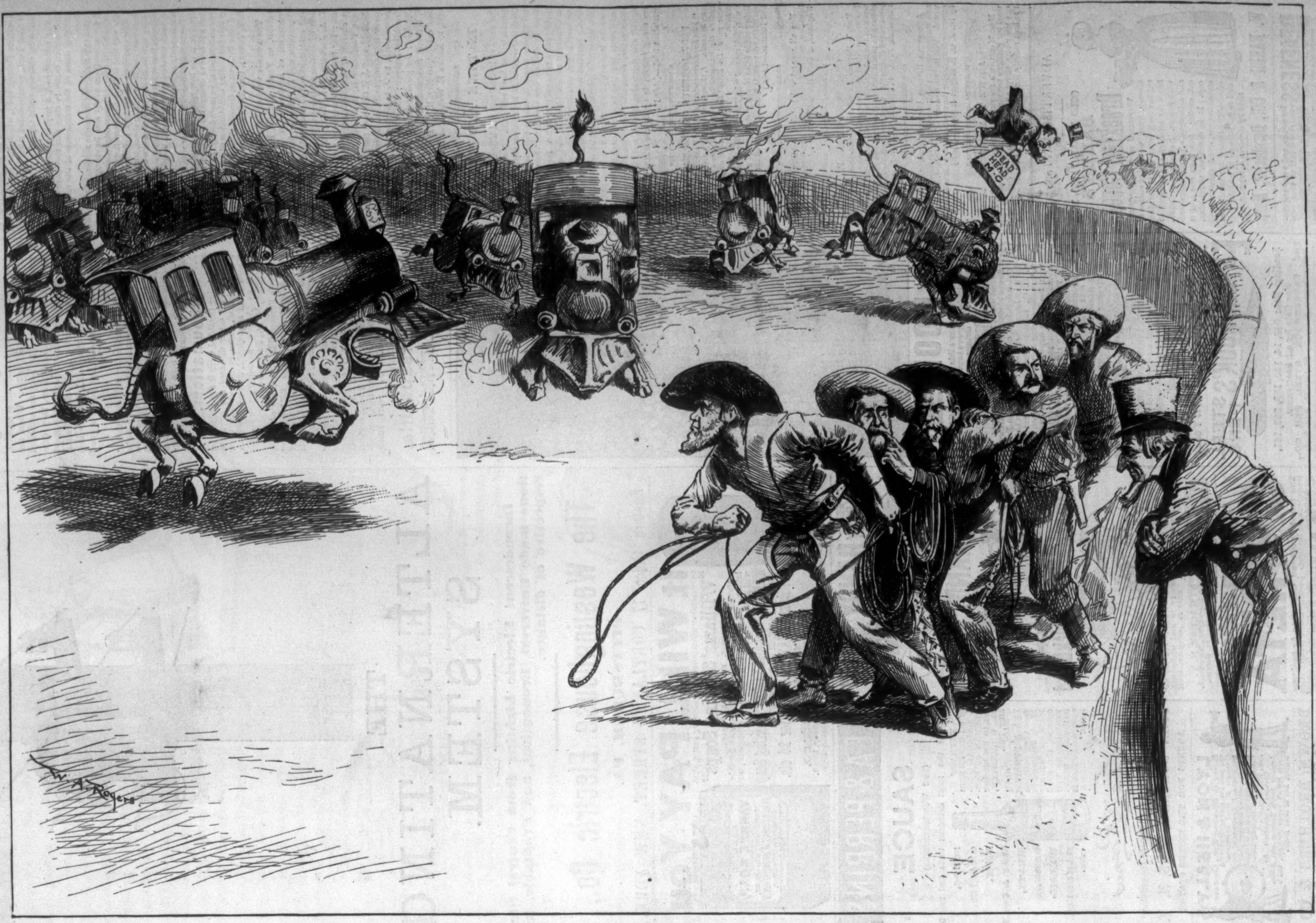
REV. DR. RAY PALMER.—[See Page 259.]



PAUL TULANE.—[See Page 258.]



CATCHING HERRING.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 258.]


DEAD HEAD. M.
W. A. Rogers

UNCLE SAM'S "WILD WEST" (EAST AND SOUTH) SHOW—THE INTER-STATE COMMISSIONERS MOVING ON THE ANIMALS.

THE EXHIBITION OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Committee of Judges of the Exhibition of Amateur Photography, which has just been held in New York, accompanied their awards with the following characteristic report:

> The undersigned, a jury of awards, in presenting their report, desire to state that they have reached a realizing sense of the seriousness of the task before them.
>
> Had this realizing sense come sooner, it is doubtful if the subscribers would now be struggling with the problems that so cantankerously refuse to be solved in any way that is likely to be satisfactory to everybody.
>
> The questions of art and technique have opened such wide and far-reaching vistas, with so many interesting side issues and complications and cross considerations, that it has seemed at times almost impossible to reach conclusions that could be clearly stated and satisfactorily explained.
>
> The professional photographer who studies this exhibition in the true spirit of growth, must find much that will tend to enlarge his boundaries, and the amateur cannot fail to be more deeply than ever enamored by this fascinating combination of science and art.
>
> James D. Smillie, George C. Cox, E. Ward Perry, C. T. Turner, George G. Rockwood.

The awards were as follows: For best general exhibit, to Frank Sutliffe, England; for poetic treatment of landscape, to Walter Clark, F. P. Cembrano, and J. P. Loud; for choice of subject and composition, to George B. Wood; for selection of motive and management of gradation, to F. A. Jackson, J. L. Stettinius, and T. H. Emerson; for technical excellence and artistic feeling in choice of subject, to S. E. Dumont, A. Clements, Professor H. Rowland, J. G. Bullock, R. S. Redfield, and J. P. Gibson; for photographs from paper negatives, to H. A. Latimer; for instantaneous work, to J. L. Stettinius; for interiors, to Franklin Harper; for "blue prints," to C. W. Canfield; for good technical work, to J. Bartlett, J. West & Son, and J. G. Sinclair; for best ladies' exhibit, to Mrs. R. W. De Forest; for second best, to Misses E. Welsh and E. A. Slade.

IN TOWN AND HAMLET

The seeds of intermittent and bilious remittent fever germinate and bear evil fruit. No community has altogether escaped it. In populous wards of large cities bad sewage causes it, and in their suburbs stagnant pools in sunken lots breed it. There is at once a remedy and a means of prevention. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is, without peradventure, the most potent antidote in existence to the malarial virus. Fortified with this incomparable, saving specific, miasmatic influences may be encountered with absolute impunity. Disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, begotten by miasma-tainted water, or any other cause, succumb to the beneficent corrective named, and rheumatic, kidney, and bladder troubles are surely removable by its use when it is given a persistent trial.—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"*You have demonstrated that a* Perfectly *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"

Chas. S. Higgins' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

For all mental and physical debility, nervous exhaustion, and lack of tone in the system, use *Thurber, Whyland, & Co.'s Restorative Wine of Coca.*—[*Adv.*]

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Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.
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A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism,

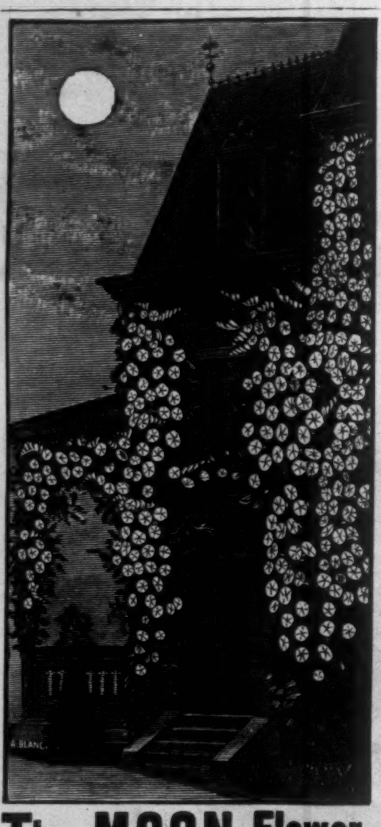
after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Fream, Independence, Va.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.



The MOON Flower.

The engraving shows this most beautiful of all climbing plants. It grows anywhere where there are old trees, walls or strings to cling to—**growing 50 ft. in one season,** *blooming continuously* from June to November, its **MOON-LIKE** flowers being of the purest white, 15 inches in circumference. The Moon flower blooms only at night or on dull days; it gives out a delicious odor, similar to the English Hawthorn, or Jessamine. A summer garden at Washington, D. C., attracted thousands on moonlight nights, its arbors being covered by the Moon flower. Although the Moon flower should not be set out until about the time tomatoes can be set out, or corn planted, yet it is of the simplest culture and can be grown easily in flower-pots or boxes in an ordinary sitting-room until the time of setting out. We sold nearly *fifty thousand plants* of this beautiful flower last year, and had hundreds of letters attesting the pleasure it gave to the purchasers. Price, extra strong plants, 40c. each; 3 for $1.00, 7 for $2.00, or 12 for $3.00, free, by Mail; or $12.00 per 100 by Express, buyer to pay charges. All purchasers of the Moon flower are entitled to our Catalogue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN," No. 63 (the largest and most beautiful ever issued) FREE. To those who are not purchasers it will be mailed on receipt of 10c. (in stamps).

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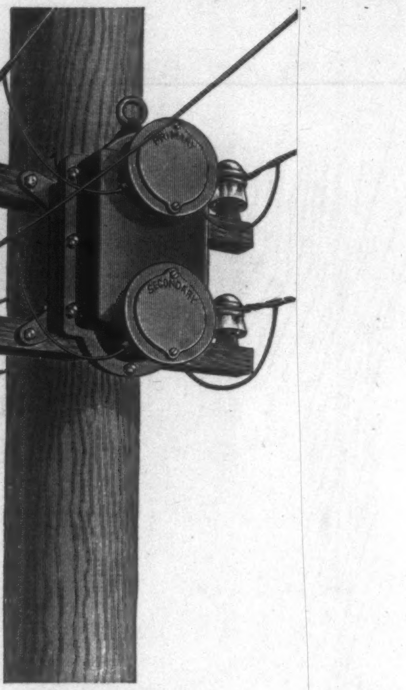

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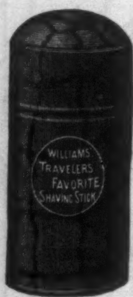

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Marvelous for their rich, soothing and durable lather. If unable to get them of druggists', we will send
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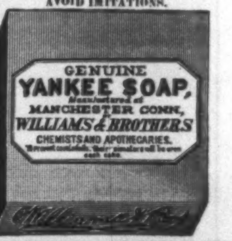
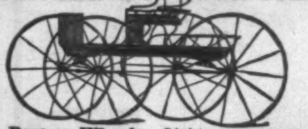


THE BRADLEY HANDY WAGON

THE BRADLEY HANDY SURREY

THE BRADLEY HANDY Buck Board



The Best on Wheels. Light, strong, convenient and low priced. **Handy** to get into and out of. **Handy** for single horse or pair. **Handy** for one person or more. **Handy** to load or unload. *Send for Free Circular, "How to purchase direct from the manufacturer."*

BRADLEY & CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.
63 Murray St., New York.
32 S. Market St. Boston.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. ☞ *Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can.* H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

CATARRH Cured. Sample treatment **FREE** B. S. Lauderbach & Co., Newark, N. J.

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

(The Worcestershire)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

SAUCE
WORCESTERSHIRE
LEA & PERRINS

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME,
WELSH-RAREBITS,
&c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

LYON & HEALY
State & Monroe Sts., Chicago,
will mail, free, their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps, including Repairing Materials, Trimmings, etc.
Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Scales, Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a Selected List of Band Music.

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Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

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POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S are the only genuine porous plasters. They act quickly and with certainty, and can be worn for weeks without causing pain or inconvenience. They are invaluable in cases of spinal weakness, kidney and pulmonary difficulties, malaria, ague cake, liver complaint, dyspepsia, strains, rheumatism, sciatica, and nervous debility. Other plasters blister and inflame the skin so that the pores are closed and often cause serious injury. You risk health and waste time and money by buying inferior plasters made to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S.

More Facts.

STERLING, ILL., August 22, 1885.

We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is treble that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures.

Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

HAYESVILLE, OHIO, Feb. 11, 1884.

I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles, and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M.D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 15, 1885.

We take pleasure in giving you a notice, and a nice, strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it.—*The Register*.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1886.

HOP BITTERS CO.:

Sirs,—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They are having a large sale here.

LEROY BREWER.

GREENWICH, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1885.

Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any mother now but for them.

HENRY KNAPP.

LONE JACK, MO., Sept. 14, 1885.

I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.

P. M. BARNES.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Feb. 2, 1886.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO.:

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never done before with any patent medicine.

J. J. BABCOCK,
Physician and Druggist.

KAHOKA, MO., Feb. 9, 1886.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

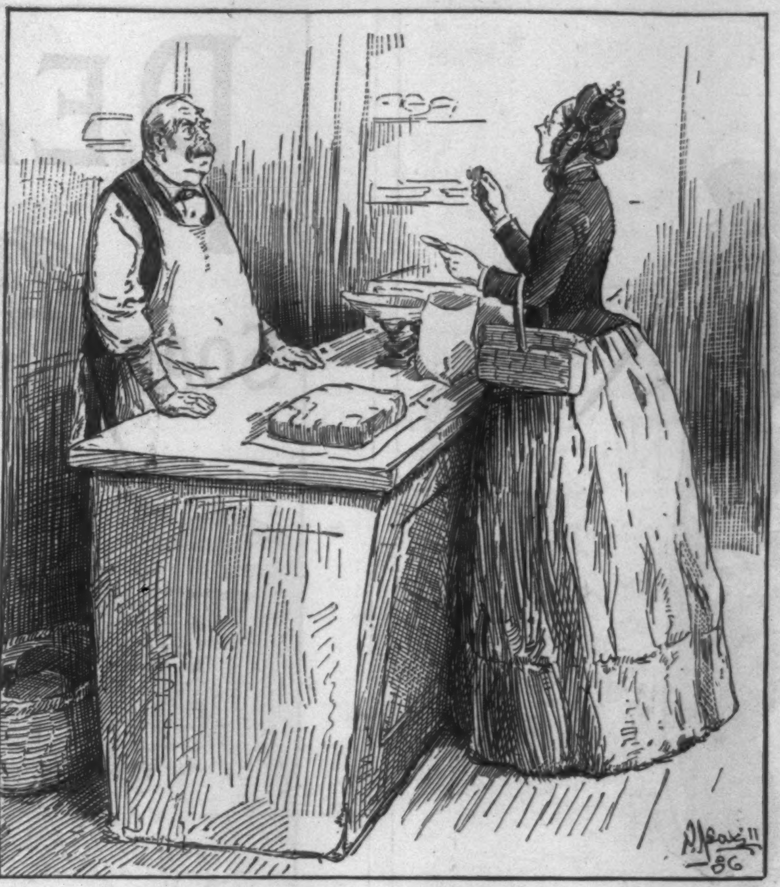
WM. T. McCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in this country. We have large sales, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER
25 cents PACKAGE
Makes **Five Gallons** of a **delicious**, sparkling temperance beverage. **Strengthens** and purifies the blood. Its **purity** and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

PARIS DRESSES AND MANTLES,
MADAME JOSEPHINE GILLES ET CIE,
17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.
MANY YEARS WITH MAISON LAUR.
English well spoken.



A DELICATE OPERATION.

"Say, Mister Schlausenheiser, these cookies have coriander-seeds in them. I don't like coriander-seeds."

"Vell, mein grazious, you gan ead aroundt dem auf you don't like um!"

As Different as Black from White.

As different as black from white are the CUTICURA REMEDIES from all other remedies for the treatment of diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast, and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, externally. J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

Your CUTICURA REMEDIES performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentlemen of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Texarkana, Ark.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

I have been afflicted since last March with a Skin disease the doctors called Eczema. My face was covered with scabs and sores, and the itching and burning were almost unbearable. Seeing your CUTICURA REMEDIES so highly recommended, concluded to give them a trial, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and RESOLVENT internally, for four months. I call myself cured, in gratitude for which I make this public statement.

MRS. CLARA A. FREDERICK,
Broad Brook, Conn.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured, by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well—sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. CASSON, merchant, of this place.

JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist,
Gainsboro, Tenn.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by CUTICURA REMEDIES, the most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

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SPRING NOVELTIES
IN DRESS FABRICS.
All-Wool and Silk-and-Wool Mixtures,
English and Scotch Suitings.
Fancy Figured Striped and Checked Velvets.
NEW COLORINGS,
PLAIN CACHEMIRE,
Camel's-Hair, Serge Cloths,
PRINTED CHALLIES, ETC.

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REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

Nature's Disinfectant.
THE PINE FOREST at HOME.
Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES
ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,
from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhœa, can be saved by the regular use in every household of
"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,
which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of '**Sanitas**' in a sick room."
—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
40 Cents each Preparation.

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Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. For Improved and Economic Cookery.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Only sort guaranteed GENUINE by Baron Liebig.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. The Finest Meat-flavoring Stock. USE it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

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LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Highly recommended as a Nightcap instead of alcoholic drinks.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. GENUINE ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.

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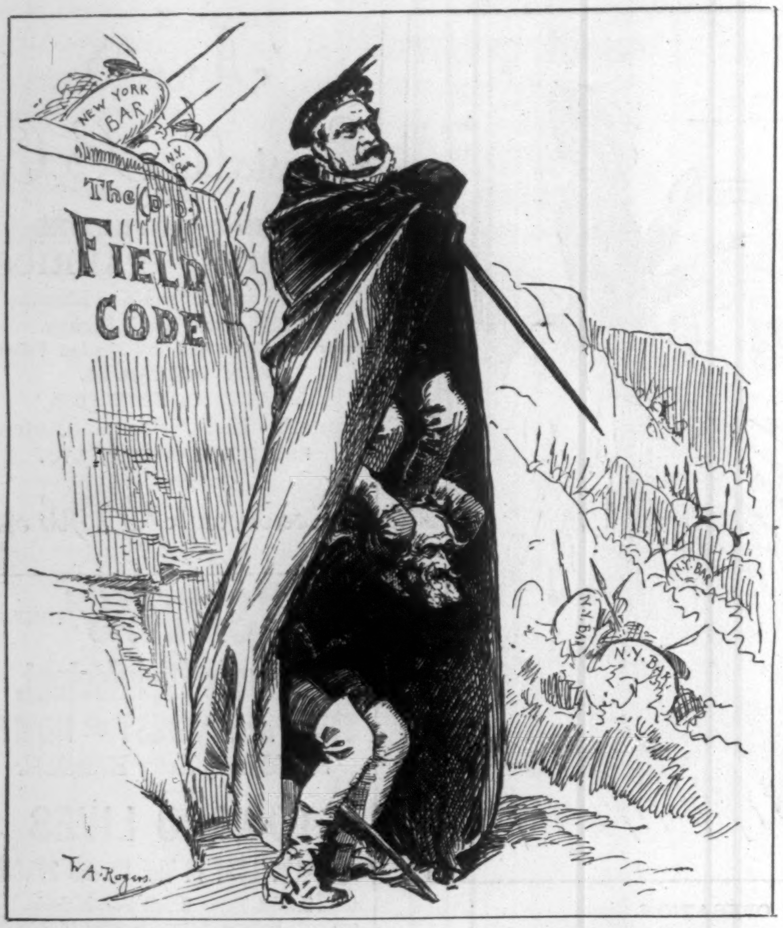
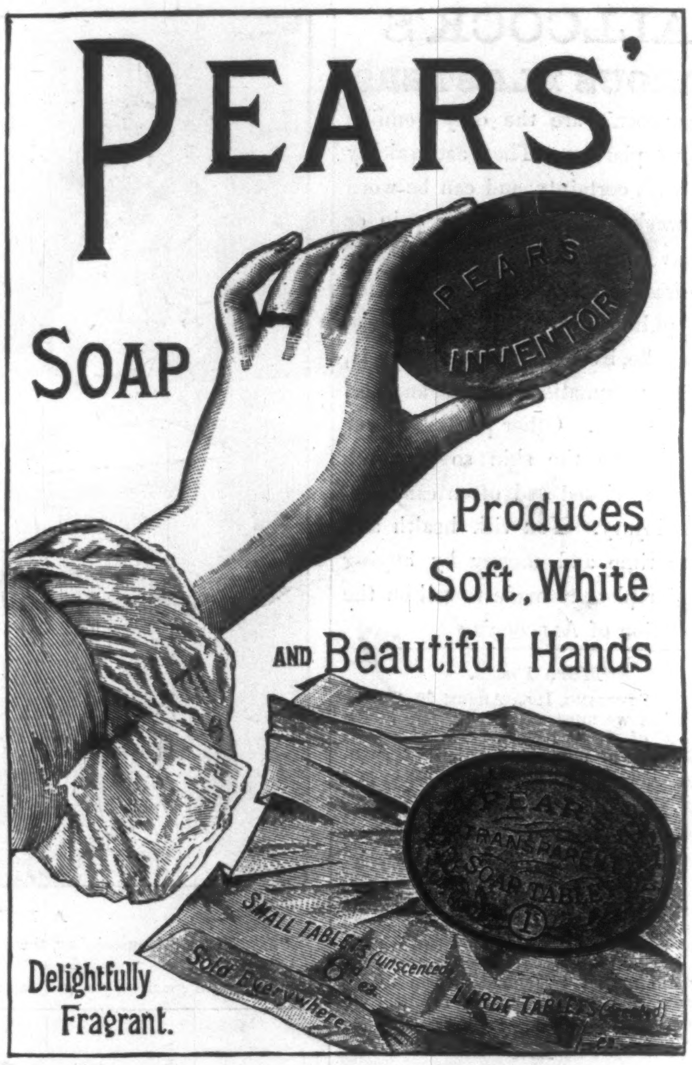
Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.



DAVID FITZ-DAVID. "'This Rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I' (and Cy.)!"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PEARS TRANSPARENT SOAP TABLET
SMALL TABLETS (unscented) 6d ea
Sold Everywhere
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PEARS' SOAP

Produces Soft, White AND Beautiful Hands

Delightfully Fragrant.

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SMILES ARE BECOMING

ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT.

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.

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Perfume

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Rhenish Cologne.

If you cannot obtain **LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE** in your vicinity send your name and address for Price-list to the manufacturers, **YOUNG, LADD, & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.**

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CASHMERE BOUQUET.

A PERFECT HANDKERCHIEF PERFUME.

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THE TONIC APERIENT WATER.

BLACK BALL BRAND.

Judson's "Indestructible" English Marking Ink.

REQUIRES NO HEAT

A Stretcher For holding the clothing while marking given each purchaser free.

Price 25 Cts., complete.

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A. F. FREEMAN, Manager.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

HARPER'S WAR VOLUMES

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

Pictorial History of the Rebellion

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; in Full Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** *In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and most of the larger cities and their vicinity, we can, on application, show a set of the books.* ☞ **Sold on easy payments.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

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Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

First-class Agents Wanted.

THE Shawknit Hose for Base-ball players come in Snowblack Cotton, and Black and Gray Mixed Worsted. These goods have all the structural features which have made the Shawknit Half-Hose so desirable. Perfect in fit, easy, and durable. No bunches and no perceptible seams.

☞ Send to the Shaw Stocking Co., Lowell, Mass., for a descriptive postpaid Price-List of their Base-ball goods. None genuine without Shawknit stamped on the toe.

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Mother's Great Medicine for Children.

Physicians recommend Castoria.
Mothers rely upon Castoria.
Children cry for Castoria.

BAKER'S

BREAKFAST

COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure. Costing less than one cent a cup.

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Send for the New Catalogue of COLUMBIA BICYCLES and TRICYCLES. Mailed free.

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OPIUM **Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.**

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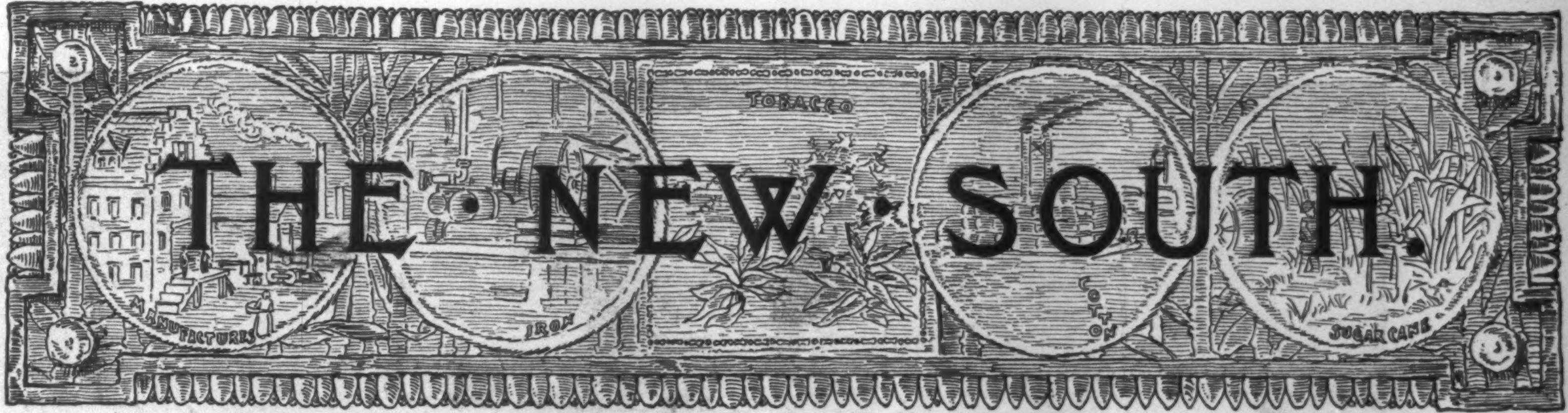
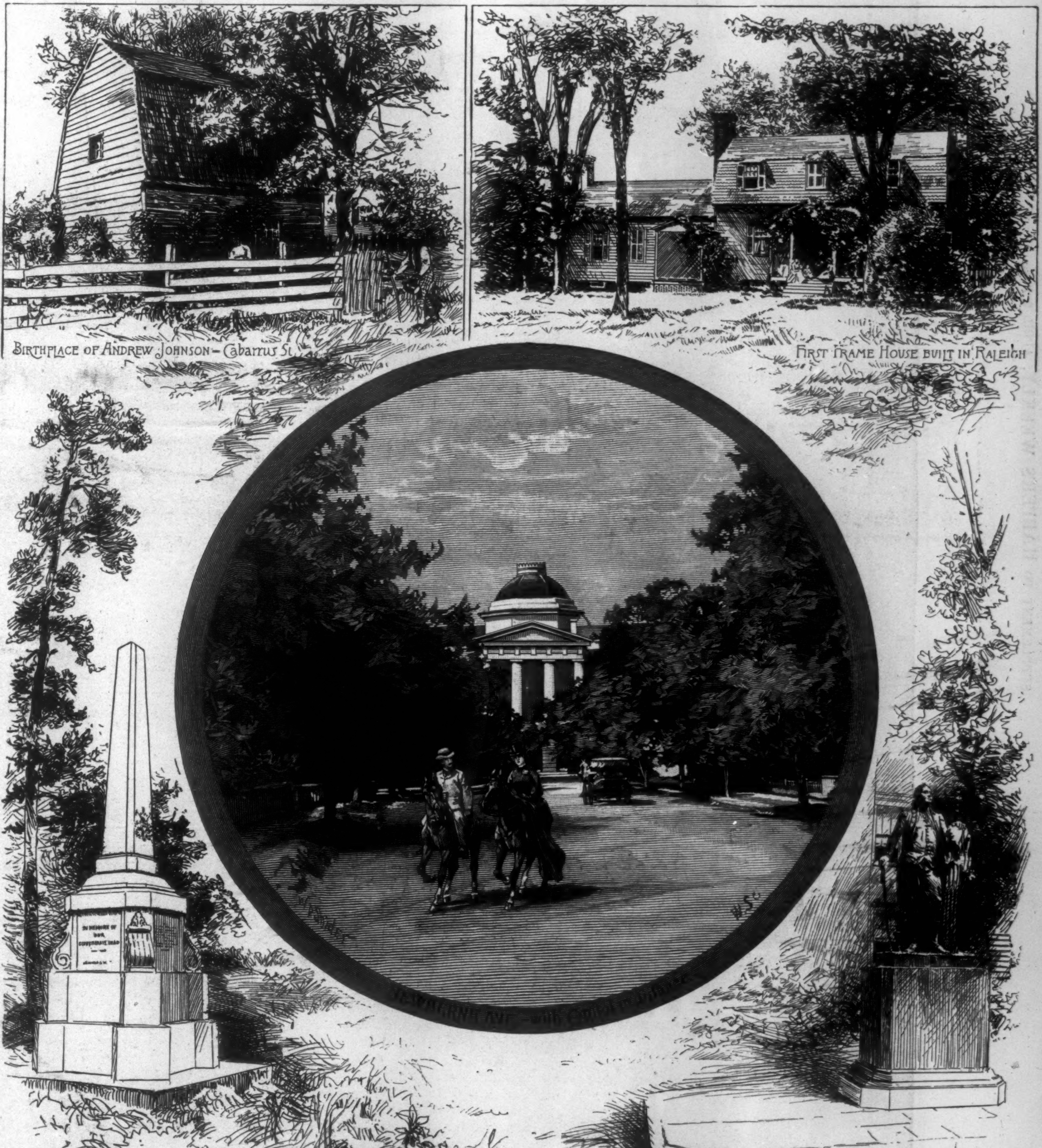
THE NEW SOUTH.


MANUFACTURES
IRON
TOBACCO
COTTON
SUGAR CANE

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, APRIL 9, 1887.



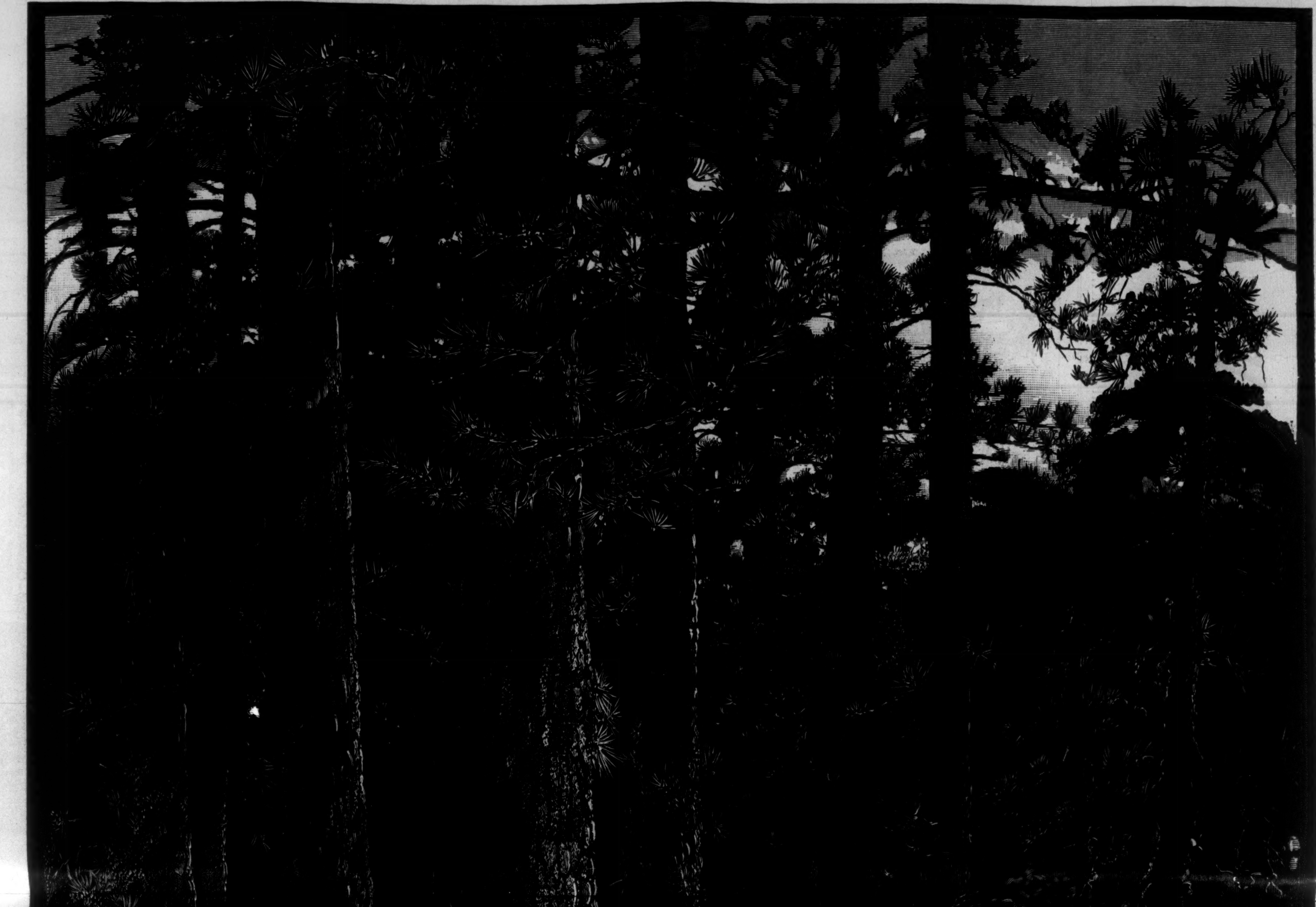
Birthplace of Andrew Johnson — Cabarrus St.

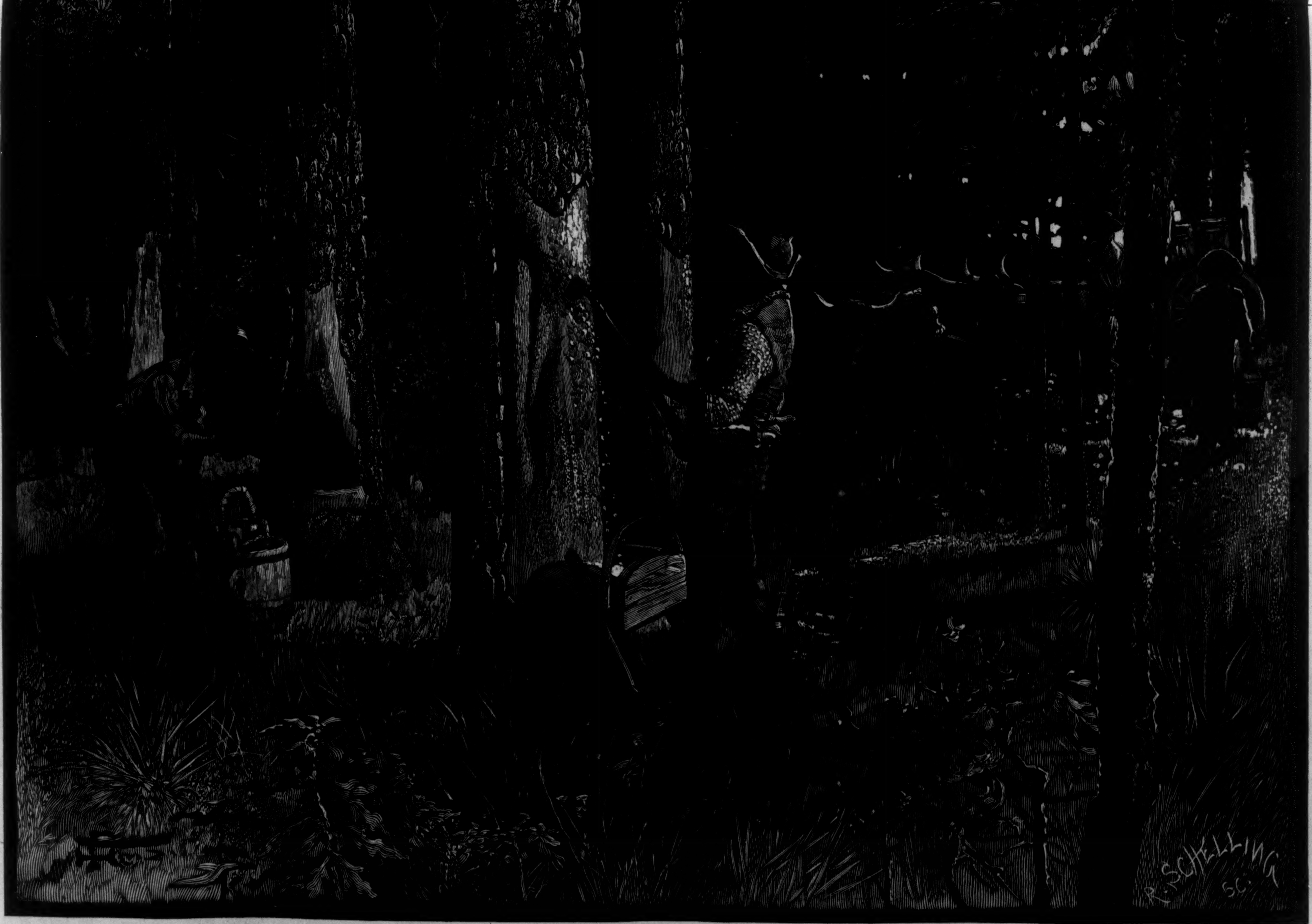
First Frame House built in Raleigh

Monument to Confederate Dead — Oakwood Cemetery

Statue of Washington — On South side of Capitol

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 255.]




R. SCHELLING SC.

THE TURPENTINE INDUSTRY—NORTH CAROLINA.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 255.]